

Maou-sama no Machizukuri!

~Saikyou no Danjon wa Kindai Toshi~ [WN]

Arc 6: The [Dragon Emperor]'s Devotion

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Prologue: The Return to Avalon

Due to the schemes of the [Black] Demon Lord, Marcho's dungeon was put into danger. I had decided to go there and, thankfully, I was able to help her.

Not only were we able to repel the Demon Lords and monsters assaulting her dungeon, we were also able to prolong Marcho's nearly ending life via [Rebirth].

For her [Rebirth], I used the [King] medal which was a special medal awarded by the Creator to the [Time] Demon Lord and was then given by him to me.

In addition, I also used my [Creation] medal. Thanks to its ability to let me choose the outcome I wanted, Marcho was reborn with her abilities as a Demon Lord still intact.

Due to that and the fact that she became my monster, her dungeon and her subordinate monsters became mine.

At the moment, she was busy reorganizing her dungeon and her fighting force.

The damage her dungeon received in the recent attack wasn't insignificant. The plan was for her to take about 3 days to finish reorganizing her dungeon and the chain of command of her fighting force before heading out to Avalon.

I was reluctant to part with Marcho but I couldn't be away from Avalon for too long. And so, I led my monsters and began our trip back.

We boarded the gigantic containers that were to be carried by the Darkness Dragons. After some time, we landed on the [Plain] room of my dungeon.

My monsters then exited from the containers, looked toward Avalon, and marveled at it.

"We're finally back."

"As Kuina thought, Avalon is the best!"

"Mhm. It's calming."

"We're finally back. I wanna go to the orchard right away. I'm worried about

those children. I have to give them lots of care.”

I was in the lead and was followed right away by my [Monsters of the Covenant] and each of them—Kuina the Celestial Fox, Rorono the Elder Dwarf, and Aura the Ancient Elf—voiced their amazements.

I was gone for only nearly a day but I sure missed the place. It seemed my monsters all felt the same. To each of them, this city was their home where their life and work was.

“Master, I have to repair these children who worked hard.”

Rorono was fired up as she carried a big sack which contained many golem cores.

In the last campaign, aside from the ones that carried our trump card, the MOAB, all golems were destroyed.

It was through their efforts acting as our shields that my monsters didn’t suffer any casualties.

Even if their bodies were destroyed, so long as the central part of them, their golem cores, were alright, they could be rebuilt.

“Rorono, I know it’s a lot of work but do your best, okay?”

“Of course, these children are very important to me, after all. ...but there’s not enough stock of orichalcum left. I used them up when I made the first batch of Avalon-Ritters. It will probably take time to gather all the necessary orichalcum to fix everyone.”

The quality and quantity that could be gotten from a [Mine] was proportional to the strength of the Demon Lord that owned it. In my case, only a small amount of orichalcum could be mined.

The Avalon-Ritters were made using the few orichalcum that we gathered from my dungeon and from Marcho’s dungeon when I still lived there.

However, that stock was now all gone.

The Mithril Golems aside, it would take a very long time before the Avalon-Ritters could have new bodies again.

But as I am right now...

“I’ve gotten stronger from the last war. I think that, maybe, the amount of orichalcum that could be mined have increased. Plus, because we can dig in Marcho’s dungeon again, we actually have more sources of orichalcum than ever before. So, don’t make that face anymore, Rorono.”

When Rorono heard me, Rorono brightened up. She cared greatly for the golems and the possibility of repairing them sooner than expected made her happy.

The golems, including the Avalon-Ritters, were an important part of our fighting force. Having them repaired as soon as possible was obviously very beneficial to us.

Next, I’d like to give everyone a reward but it seems everyone’s tired right now.

I thought so and then turned toward my monsters who were all lined up.

“My beloved monsters! Thanks to your efforts, we’ve won. It is because of all of you that we’ve managed to seize victory despite the difference in fighting force with the enemies. Most important of all, we managed to return here without losing anyone. I truly am proud of you all. And, everyone, thank you!”

My monsters cheered.

Everyone that had gathered there were the very same individuals as when we left. The fact that we hadn’t lost anyone after all those fighting was proof of their tenacity.

“I don’t intend on only offering my feelings of gratitude though; I fully intend on giving everyone actual rewards. Save for those who can’t be away from their jobs, everyone will have no work for today and for tomorrow. Furthermore, everyone will also be given plenty of bonus money.”

When I said so, the monsters’ cheers grew even louder.

Some monsters even began making plans with the ones they were close with.

My monsters were mostly humanoid monsters and could therefore spend money without issue. As of the moment, Avalon offered various alcohol and

cuisines from all over the world so, as long as a monster of mine had money, they would be able to have plenty of fun right here.

For that day and the next, I wanted my monsters to have plenty of rest, lots of fun, and have many opportunities to broaden their horizons.

“I will also be giving special rewards to the two individuals who have contributed greatly to our war efforts: R’lyeh Diva and Rorono. R’lyeh Diva was the one risked her life to guard the other dimension, the one who first joined up with Marcho’s monsters, and the one who guided us to victory. Whereas, Rorono was the one who developed and gave us both the MOAB and the Avalon-Ritters.”

When I announced so, my monsters pushed both R’lyeh Diva, the other world songstress, and Rorono the Elder Dwarf until they were in front of me.

Despite looking somewhat embarrassed, the two still looked delighted and proud.

“First, to you, R’lyeh Diva. I’d like to grant you a name. As part of my top brass, I want you to be closer to me from now on.”

The moment R’lyeh Diva heard the word *name*, she smiled from ear to ear.

But she immediately tried to conceal it and act like it wasn’t anything impressive.

“W-well, if you’re offering, patron, I’ll accept. I can’t say no, anyway.”

She turned away her face but I knew full well that it was only due to her bashfulness.

She might appear rebellious but at her core, she was someone who was diligent and thought about her companions.

For those reasons, I had decided to give her a name.

“Oh, but forgive me, it’ll have to wait until next month. I still have to name Wight, the greatest contributor in the war before this. Wight, I’ve made you wait quite a long time, haven’t I, Wight? But rest easy now: in three days, I’ll give you your name. I’m hoping for your continued service as my right hand man.”

The others approved of what I said; none of them objected to him receiving a name.

He was a very popular guy, it seemed.

Actually, I wanted to give him a name much earlier but doing so meant not having access to my magic power for about a month and a situation where I could afford to lose my magic power hadn't come until recently.

As of the moment, the ideal time to give him a name was when I have reunited with Marcho three days later so that things could settle down. Truth be told though, I would have wanted to complete making another MOAB to serve as our defensive trump card first but Wight obviously took a higher priority than that.

And then, once he has been named and I have gotten my magic power back, I was going to name R'lyeh Diva.

"My thanks, my lord. I dedicate my entire being to you."

Wight, who took on the form of a dragonewt, smiled, saluted, and then said so.

In response, I nodded to him.

Okay, onto the next one.

Rorono had contributed to our efforts time and time again. It wouldn't be an exaggeration to say that without her, Avalon wouldn't be what it presently was.

"Rorono."

"Mhm."

Rorono triumphantly puffed out her chest.

I found such a gesture to be quite charming.

"Rorono, I've said this to you before: so long as I can grant it, ask me whatever you wish and I will give it to you. However, you didn't ask for anything back then and still haven't. I don't know if it's because you're being shy or just being reserved but if I don't give you a reward for your distinguished services this time, my reputation as a Demon Lord would be tainted. So, here's the deal:

take a break today and tomorrow and then after that, give me an answer. If you still don't have one by then... I'll give you one that'll make you blush."

"W-wha? Father, what are you talking of?"

Perhaps it was due to her great surprise but she referred to me as *Father*, a term she used only when she allowed herself to act like a sweet, vulnerable child.

"It won't be any fun if I tell you that, will it? If you don't want to risk it, then come up with a reward for yourself, alright?"

Red-faced, she opened and closed her mouth repeatedly.

Meanwhile, the other monsters teased her, making her even redder.

It was such pleasant scene.

Having said so much, I was quite confident that she would eventually ask me for her desired reward without holding back.

I really do want to give her what she wants. Well, now that it's settled, there's no more reason to hold everybody here.

"Everyone, your bonus money will be distributed later. So, with that said, let us disband. Enjoy today and tomorrow to the fullest!"

My monsters then produced quite a hubbub as they chatted with each other, making plans on what they'll do for their holiday. Many of them were so excited, they returned to Avalon immediately.

However, among the monsters there, one girl approached me and grabbed my hand.

".....I'm looking forward to those more amazing things."

It was the girl with pure-white hair and wolf ears: Fel. The [Time] Demon Lord had entrusted to me this daughter of his but apparently, during my usage of [Awakening] where I wasn't myself, I had carelessly promised her something.

And so, cold sweat ran down my spine.

"Today is fine, right? Fel would like to go to your home tonight so that you can pleasure me more than before."

“Y-yeah, okay, look forward to it.”

Intimidated, I thoughtlessly agreed.

“Absolutely!”

With a satisfied look, she nodded and then left.

How do I get out of this? I only have ‘til tonight to come up with something good. In a way, I have to wrack my brain for this than any other battle we’ve had.

Chapter 1: After the fighting has ended

I returned to my residence and tackled on the gathered paperwork. I had been gone for only a day but a fair bit of petitions and contracts had been delivered already.

As I was going through those, I thought about the thing with Fel.

It seemed that, while Awakened, I had fondled with her tail and even stole a kiss. Worse, it also seemed that I had promised to do something even more amazing. Normally, going further could only mean one thing.

On the topic of doing such a thing, the question of how to do it floated in my mind.

The easiest would be to [Awaken] and let what would happen, well, happen.

To be frank, I did not have any experience whatsoever on such things. My Awakened self might have been able to toy around with Fel but for my normal self, such things were of course impossible.

“But no, I can’t do such a thing. Obviously.”

And so, I expelled such thoughts from my head.

Alright, I’ll just pleasure her as though I’m pleasuring Kuina. She is Kuina’s younger sister so she’ll most probably love that too.



After doing the gathered paperwork, I wrote letters for [Time] Demon Lord Dantalian, [Dragon] Demon Lord Astaroth, and [Wind] Demon Lord Stolas.

What I wrote about were the details of the previous campaign.

I wrote about Marcho being reborn via [Rebirth] but then, I left out the part about my proposal to her.

Actually, [Time] and [Dragon] probably already knew everything that was in my letter but still, considering that they helped, it was my obligation to properly report to them about what happened.

After I finished writing about all that, I mentioned that I was going to hold a feast three days later and that they should come if they were able to. I also asked, in the case they could not make it to the feast, when it would be most convenient time for them to be visited and be given a better report and a better thanks.

I suggested a feast because I just felt that it was important to have everyone be together in one place.

In the letter addressed to [Time], I wrote that Fel was well, whereas in the letter addressed to [Wind], I wrote that Rozelitte and her powers were incredibly useful.

Once I was finished, I had the letters be delivered by the blue bird that Stolas had entrusted to me.

Pretty soon, we will have to say goodbye to Rozelitte and Fel.

I thought so and felt a little lonely. Parting with Fel was going to be particularly sad since she had made such good friends with Kuina and the others. *They will be pretty sad about saying good bye to her too*, I thought.

But then again, not having Fel by our side and missing her, [Time] was also on that same boat. And so, I decided to send her off with a smile instead.

I then released the blue bird to sky. *And now, I wait for their answers.*



Sometime later, I crossed paths with a blue bird and it had delivered a letter from the [Dragon] Demon Lord.

Written in it were things about the Demon Lords that had attacked Marcho.

The ringleader, the [Black] Demon Lord, had received the [Dragon] Demon Lord's assault and then retreated to the inner most part of his dungeon and fortified his defense. In addition, it seemed like the humans who followed that Demon Lord's religion were incited by the assault and thus were preparing for an assault of their own against the [Dragon] Demon Lord's dungeon.

The [Dragon] Demon Lord had written that he had no intentions of falling to some humans so I didn't have to worry. Still though, in case he needed some

assistance, I was going to help.

Aside from the [Black] Demon Lord, six other Demon Lords participated in attacking Marcho. One of them had led a charge against Avalon but was killed by the [Time] Demon Lord who was protecting my Avalon. Meanwhile, another two of the six were killed in the explosion of the MOAB.

It seemed that the dungeons of those three slain Demon Lords, devoid of a leader and proper chain of command, were unable to offer any decent resistance and had their crystals broken by the Demon Lords in the [Dragon] Demon Lord's faction.

As for the three surviving Demon Lords, it seemed they managed to return to their dungeons and defended it. As for how, apparently, when things were turning sour for them, they immediately pulled out all their forces from their Marcho's dungeon and diverted it all to the defense of their own dungeon.

The fact that the ringleader and half of his performers were, at the moment, alive and well wasn't very good news since they could attack Avalon at any time.

I had to prepare for any attack at any time but considering Marcho's monsters were now under my command, I thought it wouldn't be that hard.

Plus, I remembered about the two Demon Lords that were killed. While I was in an Awakened state, I was able to use the unique skills of any Demon Lord I had slain.

For example, I was made aware last time that I could use [Evil]'s ability to make female monsters pregnant and thus create new monsters. I had no intention whatsoever of using such an ability in my lifetime but then, the abilities of the two I had just killed were another matter.

I still didn't know what the new abilities were though and whether they could become a war potential. I wanted to try them out but I was anxious on using [Awakening] and losing myself again. *I guess I need to do some special training with it while having Kuina and the others watch over me.*

"Okay, that's enough for now."

I said so out loud and rotated my shoulder.

I'm beat. It seems my monsters were too but I personally am tired from the last war. I guess I'll go take a breather and walk around the city.



In the shops of Avalon, my monsters were having more fun than usual in their shopping.

It seemed that the bonus money they received had loosened their purse strings.

This wasn't the first time my monsters contributed to the local economy though. In fact, through the salaries they received for their work, they did so regularly.

I was able to give them salaries thanks to the silver coins made from the unused silver from my [Mine]. The bonus money also came from there.

"Ah! Oto-san, here!"

"Master, this way."

Kuina and Fel waved their hands at me and invited me to come over. Each one's tail—a fox tail for Kuina and a wolf tail for Fel—were swinging energetically. Seeing them like this, they looked nothing but true sisters.

The two were munching on some meat skewers which was Kuina's favorite.

If I wasn't mistaken, the lamb was softened and marinated on yogurt, spiced to remove any unwanted smell, and then grilled. Considering that its price was reasonable, it tasted good, and there were plenty on one order, I too liked it.

"Oto-san, say AHH"

Kuina said so and then brought a skewer near my mouth. In response, I smiled wryly as I opened my mouth. When I did so... another skewer was thrust upon me.

"Eat Fel's too."

The meat were cut into large portions so when they both tried to feed me, my mouth became full and I found it hard to just chew.

Nevertheless, spitting them out was a big no so I powered through and

chewed.

“T-thank you. It’s delicious.”

I said so and patted both Kuina and Fel’s heads. Their fox ears and wolf ears felt pleasant to touch.

“Yay ♪”

“Yeah, that’s right, be grateful.”

Kuina and Fel said different things but they were both pleased.

“The two of you are going around and trying out the food, right?”

“Yup! Actually, we invited Rorono-chan and Aura-chan too but they said they had something to do and went ahead to the workshop and the orchard.”

Kuina looked somewhat lonely as she said so.

What those two were doing while they were away was probably on her mind.

“I see. Then, can I go around with you? I’m in the mood for some good food.”

“Yeah, absolutely! ♪”

Kuina took my left hand and, when upon seeing that, Fel took my right.

And so, there I was, with a beautiful girl in each arm.

Looking at me like that, the citizens of Avalon began to whisper among themselves.

I was sure it was just my imagination but I thought I heard the words *The Great Lolicon Demon Lord*.

After all, the humans that lived in Avalon had no idea that I was a Demon Lord and also, I was most definitely not a lolicon.



The three of us together, we came to nearby bar where tables and chairs were laid outside, ready to hold meetings and celebrations.

And there, we found R’lyeh Diva and the Ocean Singers drinking merrily.

They had bravely ordered a cask full of alcohol and pretty much the entire

menu. Enjoying their drinks and food, they were making quite an uproar. It seemed like they were the rowdy sort, with the sound of their laughter resounding in the air.

“Ah, Patron! Come! Kuina and Fel, come over here too. We’ve ordered a lot of delicious food, see!”

R’lyeh Diva noticed us and heartily called out to us.

When I looked at Kuina and Fel, their eyes were already on the delicious-looking food and their mouths watering.

Like that, we accepted the invitation.

“Then, I guess we’ll partake.”

“It looks so delicious”

“I know, right?”

While swinging their tail energetically, Kuina and Fel rushed onto the table.

The Ocean Singers, looking and acting like they were the older sisters, pampered the two and offered them food after food. Both parties, the ones being fed and the ones offering the food, were in great delight.

Considering that Kuina had grown, it might have been weird to see the Ocean Singers treating her like so but to them, she would always be that little Kuina.

“Patron, here, drink, drink”

I, in a table slightly separated from the group, was sitting opposite of R’lyeh Diva.

“Yeah, thanks.”

The alcohol offered in this shop was wine made from grapes.

Before, these were outrageously expensive and hard to get but after the air transport via the Hippogriffs, they became cheap and easily obtainable.

Perhaps it was because of the shopkeeper’s taste but despite my drink being a young wine, it had a very deep flavor. It was good wine.

“I really wondered if I was going to die this time. Patron, you ask for too

much.”

“Sorry about that. I’ve depended too much on you and I’m reflecting on that. Some of the things I’m thinking about is increasing our fighting force on the other dimension. No matter what though, I won’t let you be in such an unreasonable situation again.”

“Oh, that’s what I was going to request so I have no issues.”

I smiled wryly at that.

We then drank our drinks together and having finished it, we poured another.

“Say, Patron.”

“What is it, R’lyeh Diva?”

“Make my name cute and not uncool, okay?”

“Yeah, don’t worry about it. I’m quite confident in my naming sense, you know? Kuina, Rorono, and Aura are happy with their names, right?”

“They are but if it’s them, so long as it’s a name they got from you, patron, they’ll be happy. But then again, who am I to blame them? ...Ah, no, scratch that, I’m not being myself. This is not my character!”

She said so while swinging her head and her blue hair in denial.

Such a reaction was unusual for her.

Like so, we chatted idly.

When I noticed it, even the Wight and Dwarf Smith couple and Kohaku the Byakko had joined the drinking party.

Hey, wait a minute! Did Wight just say they’ve made a child together!? A child? They made one? I know it’s not impossible and depends on the compatibility between races but still, the dragon race truly are impressive.

“Geez, are you that bored talking with me that you keep on looking away?”

“It’s not that. Here, let’s drink some more”

For a moment, I thought I saw R’lyeh Diva look upset but maybe it was just the effects of the alcohol.

When Wight says something like that, it's only natural for that to grab one's attention, right?

I argued so in my head but in my experience, such a reply would only make her unnecessarily angry. And so, I just obediently apologized and complied.

After that, R'lyeh Diva livened up and then put on a serious face.

"Say, patron, you know, before, I thought you were weird in a lot of ways. But now, I think I'm quite fortunate to have you as my patron. If ever I was created by a different Demon Lord, I think I probably won't be able to smile, laugh, and even drink like this with everyone."

R'lyeh Diva said so as she tenderly looked at the Ocean Singers as well as Kuina and Fel.

"Really?"

"Really. So, to thank you for that, I'll be singing a special song dedicated to only you, my patron."

After saying so, she stood up and began singing.

It was a gentle, calming song.

The fatigue I felt from the previous fight seemed to have vanished. It was as though the sea had drowned my stress.

I had heard her sing before but her songs usually were more upbeat, more energizing.

After hearing this song, I was sure that this was the song of the true and without-pretense R'lyeh Diva.

Everyone kept silent and listened to her song. There were no noise, no distractions, only the sound of her song.

It was so moving, so powerful that it gave such an impression.

And then, after a while, the song ended. Right when it did though, it was replaced by the thunderous sound of applause.

"How is it? My song, I mean."

"It was the best. I'd like to hear it again."

“If you say it like that, there’s no helping it then, right? I’ll sing it to you again. While we’re in bed.”

“Hey!”

In reaction to R’lyeh Diva’s joke, the surroundings went into an uproar.

Kuina and Fel in particular made their face swell and marched toward us. I tried to pacify the two and even handed Kuina some wine, saying that it was alright considering she was an adult now.

I enjoyed the drinking party for a little while more and then headed back home.



I was doing some left over work in my room when I heard a knock on the door.

So, the time has finally come.

“I’m coming in. Master, I’m here for my reward.”

The one that came was the thin-nightdress-wearing Fel.

I felt dizzy. As though I had just spent a long time in a hot spring.

There’s no escaping now.

“Glad you came, Fel. I’m going to reward you plenty.”

While swinging her tail, Fel leapt into my chest.

I prepared myself to give her her reward and then smiled and extended my hand toward her.

Chapter 2: The [Creation] Demon Lord's Rewards

That night, Fel the Celestial Wolf turned up in my room.

She acted hesitant and embarrassed.

As for me, I had already decided on how I would respond to her and her request.

"Sit here, Fel."

"Y-yes."

I sat on the bed and encouraged her to sit beside me.

Her face was red, her head was down, and her hands were on her lap. *She must be really nervous*, I thought.

When I tapped her on the shoulder, she twitched and her whole body trembled.

"Master, today, I want you to pleasure me a lot. I want you to be rough like you were before."

Fel looked at me with teary eyes.

Upon seeing that, I thought *just what did I put her up to when I lost myself!?*

Like that, cold sweat ran through my spine.

Well, whatever. I'll just pleasure in my—the usual me's—way.

"Yeah, I'll pleasure you lots."

I said so and then pushed down Fel's small body into the bed.

With me hanging over her, I then grabbed her white wolf-tail.

She wore a thin nightdress so her figure was quite clear but still, for someone that had an appearance of a thirteen year old, she was unusually alluring.

"Hyau"

Having her sensitive tail touched, she issued out a strange voice.

Afterwards, I brushed her tail gently to tease her.

“Ok, here I go.”

Upon saying so, I applied an ample amount of a certain sticky liquid into my hand and reached for her tail with said hand. It was a special something I had prepared for Fel.

“Hyaa! It’s cold. And so sticky.”

“I’ll apply a lot of it, okay?”

I did as I told her and applied that substance up to the base of her tail.

“It’s weird. It’s so weird. My tail, it feels so hot all of a sudden.”

“It’s not weird. This will make you feel good.”

Regarding what I was applying to her at the moment, it was top quality shampoo.

It smelled good, slightly warmed the body, and even had medicinal effects.

It wasn’t just for hygiene, it was also for wellness.

Apparently it was a very popular item from a certain village where a lot of fox beastmen lived. Because beastmen regarded it as one of the best gifts that could be given to them, merchants had stocked up on it. And because it was a favorite of Kuina’s, I had some stock of it as well.

After rubbing a fair amount, her tail started to bubble.

The secret to proper shampooing was to firmly wash the root of the furs.

“No, ahh, this is making me weak, don’t, hyaa”

For a while now, warm and long breaths had been escaping from Fel.

My fingertips unconsciously remembered Fel’s good spots and involuntarily applied stronger stimulus on them with.

Even though my mind had forgotten what happened while I was in an Awakened state, it would seem that my body did not. Like that, Fel, whose weak spots were being continuously attacked, quickly became even more alluring.

No, stop, doing this much almost made me feel weird. I'm not a lolicon and this is just me shampooing her tail.

I thought so as I tried to calm down.

"I think that's enough scrubbing. I'm going to rinse it with water now, okay?"

"Yeah, okay."

While still on the bed, I used water magic and washed her tail. Water magic surely was convenient. With it, I was able to make a ball of water float and wash Fel's tail using that water without making the bed wet.

Once finished with rinsing off the shampoo, I then dried her tail using fire magic.

Aura might have overwhelming control over wind but another of her strong points was her ability to use the magic of another two of the four great elements—namely earth and water. So, when she and Kuina became my [Monster of the Covenant], I became capable of using all four.

"Look, Fel, your tail's all clean and pretty now."

"Ye-yesh"

"But we're not done yet."

I smiled and then took out a brush.

Fel's tail was already nice and pretty with just the shampoo and the drying but not brushing it would be just like having a meal without a dessert: kind of incomplete.

"What is that?"

"This is a tool to make you feel good."

"Feel good? More than I already am?"

"Yup, definitely."

Fel, half excited and half afraid, asked such a question to which I replied in the affirmative.

Next, I briefly ran my fingers on her fur to finger-comb it and was met with

some resistance in the form of a few tangled furs. *Yeah, brushing should be done*, I said to myself as I applied the brush.

The benefits of brushing were plenty: besides making the fur glossier, cleaner and less prone to entangle foreign objects, it also served as a massage which promoted a better circulation of the blood.

A brushing of a master could be deemed as pleasure. So much so that a big dog that had experienced such a pleasure would wag its tail and rush over as fast as it could just by seeing a brush being waved in the air.

Considering how Kuina had repeatedly asked me to do it for her, I was quite confident in my own brushing skills to the point that I could honestly say that I was close to that level of mastery.

Upon contact with the brush, Fel's body trembled.

"Master, I feel nice and warm all over."

Unlike a while ago, I wasn't being rough on applying pressure to her weak spots. In fact, I was being thoroughly gentle in pleasuring her tail.

Fel became relaxed and all strength left her body. She had entrusted her whole self to me.

"How is it? Do you feel good?"

"I feel too good. I feel like my body's going to melt."

"Glad to hear that, then. It'll be over soon."

I continued to brush her tail until every nook and cranny was taken care of. And then, I ran my fingers through her fur again. Only this time, it was not met with any resistance at all.

"It's finished. Go look at the mirror over there."

I said so and then pointed to the mirror in the corner of the room.

"Woahhh. My tail's so glossy and pretty. Amazing! It's like a princess's tail."

Seeing her now glossy and well-groomed tail, Fel issued out a voice of amazement.

She then turned around and told me to look at her tail.

“This is your reward. Do you like it?”

“Yeah, thank you! I like my tail like this!”

She replied so and then repeatedly swung her white tail.

Phew, glad she liked it.

“But master, this is a little bit different from what I imagined. When I get the chance to be awarded again, can my reward be to have the black master be rough with me?”

“...let’s cross that bridge when we get there.”

With a stiff face, I vaguely answered Fel’s question and then patted her on the head.

I thought there wouldn’t be much need to worry. After all, whether the [Time] Demon Lord came to the feast or, in case he couldn’t make it, I came over to his dungeon, Fel was going to return to his side and thus, there could no longer be a chance for her to earn a reward from me.

“Alright, that’s a promise!”

“Yeah, it is.”

Fel nodded in return. But then, after a while, she joined the tips of her fingers together in front of her chest and began to fidget with them as though she was hesitant to say something.

“Fel, is there something you’d like to say?”

“Ahm, can I ask one selfish request? ...if possible, I’d like to meet with the black form of master right now. You don’t have to do anything; I just want to see it.”

Whether I agreed or not, I still needed to check the new abilities I got from the slain Demon Lords.

It therefore didn’t make much sense to deny her request.

The problem, however, was the possibility that I might do something weird while in that form.

I was able to control myself the first time so maybe, with the calm state of

mind I have right now, things will be alright.

As I thought of such, Fel looked at me with eyes full of expectations.

Haa, can't be helped. I'll grant this wish of hers as a parting gift.

"Alright. But just for a little bit. And I won't do anything. Okay?"

"Okay!"

Upon hearing it, Fel's eyes sparkled.

And so, I Awakened.

I felt a bundle of heat gather on my back and in the next moment, my four wings emerged. Concurrently, a horn also grew on my head. After those transformations, a sense of omnipotence welled up within me as this power dyed my heart black.

My consciousness began to fade and I felt sleepy... I closed my eyes as my other self opened his.

"Kyaa! Black master! Oh that cold stare!"

Hugging me like this, she's acting too familiar. It's irritating. It seems that after all that education, she still doesn't know her place. If education isn't enough, punishment is in order. Yeah, let's discipline her as though she's just a dog.



I woke up and found Fel sleeping soundly by my side. She was hugging my arm while looking so happy.

I then tried to remember the rest of yesterday's events.

Fel and I were both clothed so that was one less worry.

After some more effort, I remembered some things. First was that I was able to accomplish my goal of ascertaining the nature of the abilities I got from the two Demon Lords I had killed.

Great, I've remembered them properly. They will certainly be useful tools.

If I made use of those abilities, Avalon's war potential would surely double.

Individually, they weren't particularly strong abilities but together, they *transformed*.

They weren't abilities I could afford to ignore. *Even with all the risks, I have to learn to control [Awakening].*

As for what happened with Fel, it seemed like it went just fine and that I somehow remained rational.

I remembered that upon transforming, I only talked with her and then proceeded to go to sleep. I didn't recall anything else so I probably didn't do anything weird.

"Fel looks so happy."

When I looked at Fel's adorable face, I found it regrettable to part with her.

"Father... Fel's... doing her best..."

The moment I thought of such, I heard Fel talking in her sleep.

Her words snapped me back to reality. In all likelihood, she probably preferred it more to return to the [Time] Demon Lord's side rather stay by mine.

As I pondered on it, she began to scrub her eyes.

"Mnnya. 'Morning, master."

Maybe it was because she wasn't a morning person but she made a rather lax face. It was adorable.

After three minutes or so, she returned to her usual self. ...or so I thought. There was something odd about her. Before I could come up with an answer, she put both hands on her suddenly red cheek and shook her head.

"Master, thank you for giving me lots and lots of love yesterday!!"

"I'm glad you liked it."

"As I thought, a slightly wicked Demon Lord is so cool!"

Fel remarked so as she energetically swung her tail.

She seemed to have made her mind about it after yesterday's shampooing

and brushing.

Suddenly, a blue bird entered from the window.

In its leg were letters which were surely replies to the message I had sent.

“Fel, it says here that the [Time] Demon Lord will be participating in the feast.”

“Wow, Father’s coming here!?”

There was undeniable joy in her voice.

As I thought, she truly loved him.

In reaction to her words, I smiled and then stroked her head.

There was also a letter from Marcho and she wrote that she could attend the feast as well. Aside from that good news, she had mentioned another one which would most probably make Rorono happy.

Okay, I’ve finished giving Fel her reward. Next up will be to give Rorono hers. Has she decided on one though? Alright, I’ll go check on that while also telling her of Marcho’s good news.



I parted with Fel and headed for Rorono’s workshop.

Just like with me, her workshop’s workload had piled up during her absence. There were also the tasks of repairing the golems and firearms that were broken in the most recent fight as well as replenishing our stock of bullets.

If it were just normal bullets, I could replenish our stocks myself through my [Creation] but since the ones we used were special bullets like mithril and orichalcum bullets, it was necessary that she be the one to make them.

She was just too serious. Even if I said that it could be done later, she probably wouldn’t rest until a minimum amount had been done.

However, there was something quite depressing in only one person not taking a day off. And so, I had decided to give a separate day off to her sometime in the future. If she still refused to take a break then, perhaps a command to go with me on a trip would do the trick.

In the chance that a trip was what she wanted as her reward, I planned on taking her along in a gourmet tour.

She's quite the glutton so she should like that.

As I thought of such, I entered the workshop.

"Rorono-sama, you're being too reserved if all you ask for is to be patted in the head! Be bolder! A woman has to be brave!"

"Yeah, yeah. Learn from that girl; she already has a child in tummy, see?"

"You're not gonna lose to her and Wight-sama, right?"

"That's it. I have a good idea for your reward. Why don't you ask Procell-sama to give you a baby?"

""""Oh yeah!""""

Rorono's subordinates, the Dwarf Smiths, surrounded her and were teasing her.

As for Rorono herself, her white skin was totally red and her head was hung low.

Such was most probably the result of her asking them for advice regarding her reward.

...but, of course, a baby was out of the question. I intended to grant her only what one would grant their daughter.

"Rorono, are you here?"

I loudly said so. When I did, Rorono and the Dwarf Smiths all looked in my direction. After seeing me, the Dwarf Smiths then hurriedly returned to their workstations, leaving Rorono behind.

It's probably better to pretend I didn't hear their conversation just now.

"What can I do for you today, master?"

"I came here to know whether or not you've decided on what kind of reward you want."

The Dwarf Smiths then pricked up their ears and listened closely.

Rorono, with her face still red, said the next words with a trembling voice:

“Father, I want a baby.”

You’re going with that!?

I felt my face stiffen. Meanwhile, the Dwarf Smiths squealed in glee.

“Is that a no?”

With upturned eyes, Rorono whispered so.

“Yeah, it’s a no.”

“Is it because you dislike me?”

Anxiety in her eyes, she looked at me.

“No, it’s because Demon Lords can’t produce children. I’ve told you I’ll grant whatever wish you want so long as I’m able to do it but, sorry, this is one of the wishes that I can’t grant.”

“Mhm, okay. A pity.”

“Moreover, even if I could, I won’t do that to you, my daughter. It’s not that I dislike you, but rather it’s because I love you.”

Depending on their compatibilities, monsters could reproduce with their fellow monsters. However, the same couldn’t be said about Demon Lords; whether it be with fellow Demon Lords or with monsters, we just didn’t have the capability to reproduce.

...that was technically the truth. The exception, however, was the [Evil] Demon Lord and his ability, [Mating]. And now that I had absorbed his abilities, I too was very much capable of producing an offspring.

I chose to stay silent though; believing there was no need to bring it up.

“Understood. I’ll think of another wish then. I’ll have it ready before the day ends.”

A bit of sadness could be heard in her voice as she said so.

“Thanks. Oh, one more thing: I have good news. Marcho said that she had collected all the bodies of the broken golems within her dungeon. I’ve already

sent a group of Darkness Dragons and Mythological Foxes to retrieve them.”

For monsters, after a certain amount of time upon death, their corpses would turn into blue particles of light that would then soon vanish. For golems though, considering they were ultimately just creatures of magic and spells, their bodies didn’t vanish.

That meant that so long as their base form was still intact, their bodies could be recovered at a later time.

“That...”

“Yeah. It might not be enough for everything but we’ve got enough to fix the golems.”

“I’m so glad! I can now repair those children sooner.”

Full of joy in her voice, Rorono said so as she embraced me.

Thinking that she truly did love those golems, I smiled wryly.

When the Darkness Dragons arrive, I’ll make them deliver the recovered bodies to her immediately.

However, as her father, I wanted her to think more about herself. The reason I wanted her to think of her own reward this time was to make her herself know what she really wanted.

I talked with everyone for a little while and then left the room.

I had work ahead of me. Distinguished Demon Lords were coming in response to my invitation and for that, preparations must be done to ensure Avalon could welcome them as best we could.

Chapter 3: Wise Wolf Monarch Managarm

I left Rorono's workshop and then attended to the preparations for the feast.

I contacted Conanna, the head of the Conanna Company which was biggest company in Avalon, and entrusted him to take care of all the details of the feast.

I told him to provide the best welcome possible—that would be appreciated even by a noble—regardless of the cost. Additionally, I had instructed him to put emphasis on Avalon's greatest feature: the various wonderful goods from all over the world that had gathered here.

Conanna was a talented merchant. Even if the only thing given to him were the requirements, he would still deliver stellar results. With him, I was confident he would assemble the best chefs and the best cuisines possible. Even the shops probably would be great.

I was confident in my own cooking and initially thought of serving my own food but then decided to just leave it to professionals.

I had also asked Aura the Ancient Elf to prepare special wines and sherbets that were made using the golden apples, a first class delicacy that could only be obtained here in Avalon. The delivery of these additions had already been shared with Conanna.

I wanted to replenish our stock of golden apples—which were all used up in the previous war—as soon as possible but more than that, I wanted to properly host the people who had cooperated with me in that war.

Other than those, I also thought of making a few reservations on this city's recreational facilities.

This was finally the chance for them to come to Avalon and it would be kind of a waste if their visit ended with just a meal.

Okay, let's do this efficiently. The feast is only two days from now.



The preparations were basically finished.

When I casually looked up at the sky, I saw the Darkness Dragons and the containers they carried getting closer.

“They’re here, huh.”

I had previously made a group of Mythological Foxes and Darkness Dragons go to Marcho’s Dungeon to pick up the broken down bodies of the golems and it would seem they had finished doing so.

Good timing. I’ll go meet with them and tell them to deliver the package to Rorono’s workshop right away. I’m quite certain she’s eagerly waiting for them.



A little while after I began waiting around the gates of Avalon, the Mythological Foxes arrived riding on golem carriages.

Although all of the golems for fighting perished in the previous war, the golems for transportation services in the city were left behind and thus were still functional.

When I saw the Mythological Foxes, there was sense of discomfort in them. They were strangely and considerably tense and the expression on their face tense.

“Good work, Mythological Foxes.”

I greeted the two that were driving the coach like so and they bowed back.

After waiting for them to calm down, I then instructed them to deliver the package to Rorono’s workshop.

They nodded and then spoke.

“Certainly. We will deliver it right away. Also, there’s something we have to tell you.”

It’s probably going to be the reason why they’re tense.

“Speak.”

“A guest has come.”

“A guest?”

I had a bad feeling on who that was. Or rather, there really was only one person to think of. Only one person who could make the Mythological Foxes so tense after going to Marcho’s dungeon.

When I looked at what’s behind the Mythological Foxes driving the coach, I unexpectedly saw the face of a beautiful woman.

She had: white hair; white wolf-ears; white wolf-tail; beautiful brown skin; a small crown on the top of her head; an elegant white dress; and the appearance of woman in her late teens.

It was the reborn [Beast] Demon Lord Marchosias.

Through [Rebirth], she became one of my monsters. As such, I was able to see her status regardless of level. And so, I confirmed her status again.

Race: Wise Wolf Monarch Managarm

Rank: S

Name: N/A

Level: 90

Physical Strength: S+

Endurance: S+

Agility: S+

Magic: S+

Luck: S+

Special: EX

Skills:

Demon Lord Powers

Goddess of the Moon

Beast-God Transformation

King of Beasts

Nullification of All Magic

Precognition

The Creator's Mockery

The three medals used for her Rebirth were: [Beast God], the medal she transformed into; [Monarch], a powerful medal that could only be obtained from the Creator as a reward; and [Creation], which had the ability to conduct Synthesis with three medals instead of the usual two as well as ability to allow the user, in this case me, to choose the best possibility from an infinite number of possibilities.

A very powerful monster could be made just by using any three medals but she was reborn using three medals that each exceeded even normal A rank original medals.

And so, the result was that she was undoubtedly strong. All of her stats were at least S+. Her level was 90 which was the highest possible level even for an S rank monster that could level up.

Not to mention, each of her skills was strong too.

Demon Lord Powers: While the skill holder is a monster, they also have the qualities of a Demon Lord.

Goddess of the moon: the power of the goddess who presides over the moon. By receiving the light of the moon, the skill holder is able to receive a supply of magic from the temple of the moon as well as bonuses (maximum) to all their stats. Moreover, it allows the deployment of moonlight barriers as well as moon magic, a special type of magic.

Beast God Transformation: the ability to transform into a beast god. Physical Strength, Endurance, and Agility are increased by two ranks. Alongside that are various other bonuses.

King of Beasts: absolute dominance over beast-type monsters. This skill provides bonuses to all beast-type monsters on the same dungeon room as the skill holder.

Nullification of All Magic: magic of all types are rendered null.

Precognition: this skill makes it possible to see a few moments into the future. Utmost concentration is required while using this skill.

The Creator's Mockery: the price for achieving power beyond the norm. Under certain conditions, this skill will cause ruin to befall both the skill holder and their master. Additionally, there is a small chance that the skill holder could break free from the rule of their master. The deeper the bond of the master and the monster, the harder it is for such things to happen.

The Wise Wolf Monarch who could use both the Goddess of the Moon and Beast God Transformation together with their abnormal base stats could exhibit a fighting prowess that nigh invincible.

In my opinion, it would take at least a perfectly armed group of Kuina, Rorono, Aura, and Wight to even have a chance of winning. It would only be until Fel and R'lyeh Diva—who could provide support from the other dimension—joins the fight that there could be a 50% chance of winning.

“Procell, don't stare at me that much. It's embarrassing, you know.”

Marcho put her arms around her body and issued out such a complaint.

She's teasing me again.

“Marcho, you've become so strong that it feels like it's cheating. If you wanted to, you can storm a dungeon alone and break the crystal within.”

She was that strong.

The ultimate one-man army.

“Yeah, I was surprised too. I'm stronger now than when I was a Demon Lord. But Procell, let's not be overconfident, okay? For one thing, my greatest strength, the Goddess of the Moon, can't be used inside dungeons.”

The weak point of the skill Goddess of the Moon was that it could not be activated in places where there were no moonlight.

But then again, there was her moonlight barrier. This barrier made an area be connected to the moon regardless of time or distance, thus making it possible to forcibly acquire the power of the moon.

The magic power consumption was severe though so the Goddess of the

Moon could probably be used like this for only about two minutes.

Not that there is any monster that can last for two minutes against Marcho right now.

“Yeah but still, you’re so strong, I can’t do anything but laugh. There should be a rank higher than S rank that’s all for you.”

S rank was the highest rank.

If a monster’s power exceeded a certain amount, it was deemed an S rank. Considering this, there were definitely going to be disparities between the strength of S rank monsters. She, as a Wise Wolf Monarch Managarm, was certainly on the high end of S rank. So much so that I felt she exceeded it.

At any rate, there was something I couldn’t ignore.

“I don’t mean to nag but don’t rely on me too much, okay? After all, there’s also that obvious trap.”

“...The Creator’s Mockery is quite worrying, isn’t it?”

The price for power outside the norm.

It was just a guess but that skill was most probably the unknown skill in Wight’s status when he was reborn into a Black Dragon of Death Siegwurm.

“Yeah. But you know what bothers me about it? It’s that this isn’t quite like the Creator.”

“I think it’s an ability that’s quite like the Creator though.”

The Creator was a rascal who enjoyed torturing us Demon Lords.

“Letting us know only half of the information, which is the harm that it will cause, truly is like the Creator but things can’t be this simple. This seems to me just a decoy to hide its true purpose.”

Now that she mentions it, a trap that gets revealed by unlocking the skill through leveling up is too generous.

“I see what you mean. Another scary thing is that all that’s stated is *under certain conditions*. What if those conditions are something unavoidable like eating? If so, that person’s really got such an awful character, doesn’t he?”

The anxiety of needing to be cautious of whatever I do was immeasurable but if that was the price for saving Marcho, it was something I would gladly bear.

“I think you can rest easy on that. While I agree that that person’s horrible, the trigger shouldn’t be something mundane like thinking—and just thinking—of something horrible. I believe it will be something that you will truly and deeply regret doing despite avoiding the consequences. But, so long as you stay as you are, I think you’ll be just fine.”

“As long as I stay as I am? Okay, I’ll take care to do that. And I guess I’ll hold off on relying on you until we have full information on this.”

I vowed to myself to never lose sight of who I was.

“Yeah, that’s a good attitude to take. After all, if you rely on me, you and your monsters wouldn’t be able to grow.speaking of growth, let’s do some special training right now.”

Marcho said so, grabbed me by the scruff of my neck, and then dragged me away from Avalon.

To the Mythological Foxes, she just waved her hand at them and told them to return to their duties.

“Wait, what do you mean special training???”

This is bad. She’s too strong; I can’t resist.

I could have issued out a command and, through my power as her Demon Lord, she would have been forced to obey but then, that would be in violation of my own set of principles.

“You’ve used [Awakening], right? That power is more frightening than you think so I was thinking that I, as your predecessor, should teach you how to use it.”

“I’m very grateful but can’t we do it some other day? Like the day after the feast, for example.”

Yeah, I do need to learn how to use it but it doesn’t have to be today.

“Nope. This is best done sooner rather than later. Do you know why I came here before my dungeon has been fully reorganized? Well, let me tell you. It’s

because my eyes here in Avalon told me that they sensed your [Awakening] being used.”

“It was on the request of a subordinate monster of mine so I had to use it.”

Thanks to that, I was able to make Fel immensely pleased. And seeing the results, I didn’t think using [Awakening] again for Fel’s sake was such a bad thing.

“I was surprised, you know. I was like, *does he want to die?* I think this the first I’ve heard of Demon Lord who used [Awakening] for such nonsense. Or is your intention to make me a widow right after you’ve extended my life?”

Her tone was soft but it also had unyielding force.

Also, for some reason, she was puffing her cheeks in an intense manner.

“What are you getting so angry for?”

“I’ll say this just in case it pops into your head but this has nothing to do with jealousy; I am not worried at all about being upstaged by such a little girl. I am just genuinely worried about you.”

“Then explain what you are worried about so that I can understand.”

“Okay, simply put, as things are, *you* will cease to exist. I was convinced when I heard it from Kuina and the others but, Procell, it seems you’re fundamentally mistaken about [Awakening]: it doesn’t create another personality within you or anything like that.”

“It doesn’t?”

When I used [Awakening], I felt a dark me raging within, swallowing my own consciousness.

I had thought that to be another personality.

“Nope, it doesn’t. [Awakening], you see, only brings out to the surface your base self which doesn’t listen to reason and which desires for things. Well, it’s also the part of you that wants to have fun but nonetheless, it is undeniably all been a part of you from the start.”

“...you’ve got to be kidding”

That's impossible. There's no way that I'm like my dark self who lust for blood or Kuina and Fel.

"I'm not. Those are what you desire from the bottom of your heart. Well, everyone has a dark side and I can understand the feeling of not wanting to recognize that as a part of yourself."

"I don't want to believe you."

I did not think of myself as a saint but I was certainly not that awful either.

"But please do. The problem, see, is in not recognizing that part of yourself. *That's not me, that's different person*, you might think. While one might argue that that is a good technique to return to your normal self, in truth, that's nothing more than denying who you are. Because of that, you'll end up denying that part of yourself over and over again, until eventually, you do have two distinct personalities within you. And when that happens, those two personalities will clash until only one is left to fully control the body, even when Awakening is not in effect."

I'm going to be erased by my dark self?? That's my fate? I can't deny that it feels likely though.

"The important thing here is that you recognize your dark side. Imagine it as a mask, if it helps. Upon recognizing that part of yourself, you will learn to control even those dark emotions. Anyone who can master this can be called a very capable Demon Lord. Well, at any rate, let's try it out. You don't have to worry; if you get out of hand, I can simply knock you out."

I didn't want to believe it but to become strong, I had no choice but to accept my predecessor's words.

"Alright, I'll believe you. I'm going to confront my own emotions and master them."

Ok, I'll do it, I thought to resolve myself.

For maximum safety, I had the option of simply not using [Awakening] ever again. However, that wasn't a real solution; it was only running away from the problem. To be on the path of growing stronger, I had to face the risks. Otherwise, I could never become the strongest Demon Lord.

Now, to activate [Awakening]. Marcho said she'll watch over me so there should be nothing to worry about.

My goal this time wasn't only to master [Awakening], but also to test out [Necrosis], an ability that I recently obtained from killing the [Bow] Demon Lord Leraje.

This was an ability that the [Bow] Demon Lord used to make the wounds caused by each of his force's arrows to rot and be harder to heal.

And now, I too could use such an ability. If I applied it to all the bullets that my monsters would fire and thus cause the wounds they would inflict to rot, their offensive capabilities they could cause would surely rise.

Each bullet would turn into an certain death bullet.

"[Awakening]"

I recited the words of power and made my dark self manifest before Marcho.

Now, come. I'll conquer even my dark side to be a stronger Demon Lord.

Chapter 4: Procell's True Nature

While under the supervision of Marcho, I activated [Awakening] in order to master it.

Shortly thereafter, four black wings and a horn then emerged.

“Khh”

I let out a strange voice.

It was happening again: something fiendish was raging within me.

This had always been the case when I used Awakening.

I wanted to destroy everything, to indulge in them, and to desecrate them.

Having sensed my dark self, I tried to suppress the impulses that were rushing in. Try as I might though, I felt my consciousness fading away rapidly. As the world turned dark, the desire to rage as much as I wanted grew.

Marcho said that this is my other side but I don't want to believe that. Of course this isn't me, there's no way this is me!

“Procell, no, not like that. What you're doing is the same as before: you're forcibly suppressing those emotions. If you keep on doing that, you'll only end up being swallowed up.”

Marcho's voice felt farther and farther away.

And then, my normal self was completely gone.

Oh yes, this feels so good. I feel so refreshed. I'm finally in this form again. Now, I can do whatever the fuck I want.

This woman, this bitch in front of me is so noisy. How long does she intend to look down on me from her high horse? Enough already, you are mine and you will listen to what I say. You foolish woman, you won't learn unless I teach you with your body like I taught that little wolf-girl, will you?

“As your Demon Lord, I command you to—”

I had managed to say only that much before something hit me and sent me

rolling.

What the hell happened!? This bitch, she dares to literally look down on me while I'm on the ground!? Unforgivable. Absolutely unforgivable.

"It seems [Awakening] isn't the only thing you're misunderstanding, huh. It looks like you're also gravely underestimating the dangers that monsters present."

How dare she. I'll thoroughly teach her her place. Ahh, just imagining the look on her face as she cries and begs for forgiveness, excites me very much. First, I'll have her prostrate herself. I'll just have to be careful this time and watch my surroundings before I issue my command; I'll never let her do something like blow me away happen again. Never again.

"I command—"

However, before I could issue my command, I was blown away again.

"Geez. You're so smart and yet so careless. You've lost yourself so easily. You're already driven primarily by your instincts, aren't you? Such a troublesome child."

Marcho bitterly smiled and sighed *can't be helped*.

Meanwhile, I stood up and glared at her.

How? How is she capable of humiliating me like this? I'm supposed to be the strongest Demon Lord, especially in my current form. First of all, as my monster, she shouldn't even be able to harm me. Why must I endure such violence!?

"You look confused, Procell. Shall we conduct a class? Remember, there are two rules that protect a Demon Lord from their monsters. The first is that no monster can disobey a command given by their Demon Lord. If a monster doesn't want to do something, it can freely disregard its Demon Lord's will by not letting the Demon Lord say the command to them."

I know that. What I have no idea about is how she can blow me away. According to the next rule she's about to say, such a thing should be impossible.

"The second rule is that monsters can't harm their Demon Lords."

"I know. Now tell me, how were you able to do that to me?"

And yet, she managed to blow me away twice. Even if she's a monster that has the powers of a Demon Lord, so long as she's my monster, she shouldn't be able to harm me.

"I haven't done anything to you though. Very well, I guess I'll tell you the trick to it. You see, hiding in my shadow is a monster. In other words, it's not me that's interrupting you but rather, it's that child."

"Don't screw with me. Your monsters should have also been placed under my command and therefore shouldn't be able to harm me as well!"

Along with Marcho herself, I gained control of her dungeon and her monsters.

"The answer is simple: I have ended my contract with this child. So rather than that obligation, this child cares for me and follows me out of its own will. You better remember: if you treat your monsters too cruelly, be prepared for the worst. Like for example, a monster that you've forsaken may choose to call in some humans or some monsters that are not under your control in order to deal with you. Conversely, just like now, if a monster loves you, it will protect you even after you release it from your control. Being a good Demon Lord to your monsters is important."

Her words shocked me. Thoughts like *what if they let enemies into my bedroom* and *what if information of a trip outside of my dungeon is leaked beforehand* ran through my mind.

Thinking on it, the rule of Demon Lords over monsters was indeed in no way perfect.

"You left my dungeon too soon so I did not get the chance to teach such things. I apologize for that. From now on though, rest assured, I'll be teaching you a lot of things."

Again. She's looking down on me again. So irritating. Above all else, what I cannot forgive is treating me like a child! I'll dominate her and be the one on top. ...But how? Should I create a space between us so that I can summon Kuina and the others? Or... should I just make her taste my power? The one protecting her, it's most probably one of her [Monsters of the Covenant]: the assassin that hides in the shadow. If so, then if I get rid of the shadows using a stun grenade while giving her a command, it won't be able to interrupt.

“Fuu. I thought you have become a fine man but I see now that you’re still a child that’s desperately trying to be treated like an adult. And then, through [Awakening], your desire of wanting me to recognize that you’re no longer a child has been twisted into this. Contemplate on that for a second.”

What? No, it’s not like that at all. I’ve become strong, stronger than everybody else. So much so that even the three supposed-to-be strongest Demon Lords can’t compare to me. I have no need of being recognized by this bitch.

“Lies! And don’t treat me like a child!”

“There, you said it yourself, *don’t treat me like a child*. I’m not plastering you with lies, you know. Listen with that walled-off heart of yours and you’ll know that it’s true. You’ll know that you have this desire of being recognized by me, to be told you’re a splendid Demon Lord and whatnot.”

“It’s not like—”

“It is like that. And that weakness is a part of you too.”

What is this uncomfortable feeling?

“By the way, about your ill treatment on that little girl, that Fel, that is brought on by the stress you’ve gained from acting like a kind father to your monsters. I mean, you’re surrounded by these fascinating and beautiful girls but you say to yourself that you have to restrain yourself because you’re their father. In other words, your feelings as a father is conflicting with your instincts as a man. ...you may have set a line you promised yourself you will never cross but all that pent-up emotions finally proved too much and so you went too far with that little girl.”

She’s probably talking about what I did with Fel. But that was what she herself wanted.

“Well, I’d say it can’t be helped. You may do it with me if you’d like but if you want to be discreet, you can also visit a brothel. Restraining yourself too much is also not good, you hear? Or else something like that will happen again.”

Marcho spoke gently. In response though, I got embarrassed.

Do it with her? Go to a brothel?

“That’s none of your business!”

Such words involuntarily came out of my mouth. As I said such words though, I felt various colors return to my oddly cold and black heart.

“Ah! You were more like your usual self just now, weren’t you? I guess I’m on the right track then.”

My heart began to go into an uproar, various colors were mixing with another.

I was unable to refute her words and wondered if I did look at Kuina and the others not as my daughters but as members of the opposite sex. After some thought, I recalled that I did indeed feel charmed by their feminine appeals. However, because I was their father, I continually shoved those emotions away.

“Don’t get me wrong, I’m not judging you or anything. After all, we may treat them as our children but they’re not actually our children. You can’t help it if you find a member of the opposite sex attractive. Your love as a father is real and that’s what matters. Instincts and love are very different. You don’t have to be ashamed.”

Her words put me at ease.

Yeah, yeah she’s right. I did look at them like that. No, it’s more proper to say I looked at them liked that as well. I am both a father and a man.

“And then, about your deepest desire of wanting to be recognized by somebody, you may try to hide it but your actions betray your wish for approval. To speak in plain terms, you are lonely and long for the affection of others. And yet, after all that, you are ashamed to admit to yourself and to others that you feel that way.”

That’s not it, I am not a child that feels like that.

...no, I have to stop this stubbornness. Those feelings do exist within me. I have always wanted to be seen, to be recognized.

“Procell, I’m telling you now: you are amazing. You have my recognition as well as that of others. Furthermore, always remember, everyone loves you more than you think.”

As she said those words, some kind of warmth spread across my chest.

I see, so this is what I have been longing for. And now that she has given it to me, I feel at ease.

My dark self was the result of both my sexual frustration and my hunger for recognition going out of control.

Realizing that, I smiled.

A frenzied, out of control person was far from the definition of a cool guy.

I was but a child.

Truly pitiful.

And yet, that was who I was.

“Thank you, Marcho. I was finally able to see who I really am.”

By accepting that dark part of myself, I finally became who I really was.

I still felt somewhat dizzy but despite that, I was now fully rational.

“That’s a nice expression on your face. Yup, that suits you more.”

Marcho then smiled back.

“From the very beginning, there never was another me. I know that now.”

Accepting such emotions and moving on, that was what it meant to Awaken.

If one knew that, they would know what to do next: to not deny themselves and to compromise with themselves. Even my pitiful self was able to do that much.

“[Creation]”

Using my [Creation], I produced an M&K MK416 which was the most used assault rifle in Avalon.

With that, I was ready to use the new Demon Lord ability I had gained.

The [Bow] Demon Lord used his [Bow] medal to produce monsters which, as his name would suggest, were primarily long range attackers.

Furthermore, he had the special ability called [Necrosis] which made the

arrows of his entire forces be able to inflict unhealable wounds that festered almost immediately. In other words, attacks made with it were certain kill attacks.

The question was whether or not it would apply to bullets as well.

Wild animals lived in the plain that Marcho and I were in and 300 meters from where we stood, I spotted a stray dog. It looked riddled with disease and would definitely cause only trouble if it got into the city and bit a human. It had to be put down, perhaps even for its own sake, so there was no need to feel remorse.

Reasoning so, I aimed at it.

Before pulling the trigger, however, I felt a decrease in my magic power, proof that the ability worked.

If the target was directly hit, it would die gruesomely regardless of the new ability so I decided to deliberately just graze it.

With confidence I could accurately hit the mark, I let the bullet fly and it grazed the stray dog as intended.

The dog's wound then festered. As moments passed, I saw the infection spread.

It worked, [Necrosis] worked.

"Marcho, as I am, I can now freely use [Awakening]. Thank you."

"I'm glad to be of help. But you know, normally, it would have been much harder than this. I mean, not everyone wants to admit that they have such an unsightly side to them. In their effort to escape the truth and deny this part of them, Demon Lords would often lash out."

The shame I felt for admitting it truly was immense.

Despite that, I still accepted all of it. Had I not done so, I wouldn't have mastered [Awakening].

"Don't rely on [Awakening] too much, though. I would recommend using it only up to 3 minutes straight and then waiting for at least 10 hours before using it again. The burden it puts on the body and soul is too great. ...so much so that overuse will shorten your lifespan. You wouldn't want what happened to me,

right?”

Marcho laughed at her own expense.

She had used [Awakening] along with her skill [Beast Transformation] for a long period of time and thus had shortened her lifespan.

Considering that, I decided to take her advice to heart. I wanted to live for as long as possible and do all the many things that needed to be done.

Besides that, I still felt uneasy on using [Awakening]. Though I may have accepted myself, what I had done was barely maintain balance. I didn't know when such a balance would crumble as even at present, I felt my instinctive urges growing stronger.

“I'll take care.”

We should conclude this session of experimentation soon. I have gained one more ability but that one's a little hard to use.

“Oh yeah, Procell”

“What is it?”

“Why don't we do another experiment while we're at it? How about that ability to impregnate monsters? You can try it out on me. You don't think of me as your daughter but as a proper woman, right?”

Marcho said so and then lowered the neckline of her white dress, revealing her cleavage.

In reaction, I gulped down.

“...Let's stop here for now. I don't think what remains of the three minutes will be enough for that.”

I wasn't that much of a quick shot, after all.

Moreover, perhaps due to the excitement, memories of what I had done to Fel the night before resurfaced in my mind.

And what I did... was barely acceptable. I had held back just enough before I did something truly extreme as a Demon Lord^{Person}. Despite that, that girl still wanted to do something more. It might not be entirely wrong to say that that

was her aim in asking me to use [Awakening].

“That’s a shame. Well, let’s go back then. You’re quite the conservative, aren’t you?”

“It’s just that there’s a proper order to these kind of things.”

I cancelled [Awakening] and my wings and horn then vanished.

Meanwhile, Marcho decided to link arms with me and when she did so, I felt a soft sensation in my arm and picked up a pleasant fragrance. Unsurprisingly, I somewhat regretted having refused her offer.

Oh well, let’s just return to Avalon. I have to make sure all the preparations for the feast are going to be complete and perfect.

“Now that I think about it, what were you like when you first Awakened?”

I wanted to know Marcho’s true nature. After all, it was kind of unfair to have only my true nature be revealed.

“It-it’s nothing special. Yeah, totally ordinary. I didn’t accumulate anything like you. Enough of that; that topic’s off limits!”

Marcho forcibly ended the conversation and briskly walked ahead.

While looking at her back, I vowed to myself to someday get the answer to my question.

Chapter 5: [Monsters of the Covenant] Meeting

While Procell had gone to the [Plain] to master [Awakening], Kuina the Celestial Fox, Rorono the Elder Dwarf, and Aura the Ancient Elf all gathered in Kuina's secret base.

It was an underground room that was not known even by Procell.

By nature, foxes had the habit of digging out a hole in the ground and Kuina was no exception.

Through the help of Rorono, who possessed the best smithing abilities in the world, Kuina's secret den was built to be extremely pleasant despite it being under the ground.

The three girls would gather here whenever they wanted to talk with one another but not be heard by Procell. After all, even though they were his [Monsters of the Covenant], there were still things that adolescent girls didn't want their father to know about.

"The third [Monsters of the Covenant] meeting hereby begins!"

Presiding over today's meeting was Kuina.

By striking the blackboard in the torch-lit room, she signified the start of their meeting.

Her trademark fox ears were upright and her mood motivated.

In contrast, Rorono and Aura simply ate the cookies they bought in Avalon while cozily sitting on a sofa.

"Rorono-chan, Aura-chan, why aren't you more focused?! This is a serious matter!"

Kuina uncharacteristically shouted and then puffed her cheeks.

In response, Rorono issued out a small sigh and then spoke:

"Kuina, why did you have to turn it into a [Monsters of the Covenant] meeting? All I wanted was to consult you on what to ask for my reward."

A [Monsters of the Covenant] meeting wasn't held unless there was something very important that its members needed to discuss.

As for how this particular meeting came to be, Rorono had visited Kuina to ask the latter for advice when Kuina suddenly suggested to hold a meeting and then forcefully dragged Aura into it all.

Rorono thought that her reward wasn't enough of a reason to warrant a meeting. They were busy enough as they were; if they were to use any of their time, it had to be for something productive.

"Don't worry, your reward isn't today's main topic but it is related to that!"

Kuina proudly said so.

Meanwhile, Aura raised a hand.

"Aura-chan, you have the floor."

"Chairman Kuina, please inform us the purpose of this meeting. Depending on that, I may choose to go back. As I wasn't able to yesterday, I want to have fun with the High Elves today."

"Mhm. I want to go back too; I want to repair the golems."

For today and yesterday, all of Procell's monsters were given holidays.

However, due to Aura's absence—which was because of the war—the apple trees needed thorough care and thus resulted in her having to forfeit her day off yesterday.

Thankfully, yesterday was enough to finish all those tasks. So, after doing only the absolutely necessary tasks in the morning, it was planned that from noon today, she and her subordinates, the High Elves, were to enjoy their holiday together.

As for Rorono, she had finished all the gathered smithing jobs yesterday and today, her plan was to repair the golems using the golems parts recovered from the [Beast] Demon Lord's dungeon.

In short, both Aura and Rorono were extremely busy.

"Listen carefully. Today's main topic is"

Kuina said so as she vigorously wrote the words for the main topic on the blackboard, making each character as big as possible.

“How do we make sure that Oto-san won’t be taken away?”

Kuina excitedly asked so but again, Rorono and Aura looked disinterested.

“Kuina-chan, I’m going back now, okay?”

“Bye, Kuina. If you think of a good reward, let me know.”

The two stood up and began their way back.

“Wait, hold on. Listen to what Kuina has to say first”

Kuina then grabbed the hem of their clothes and stood her ground.

“You know, Kuina-chan, there’s no need to worry about master being taken away.”

“I agree. Master loves us all.”

Aura and Rorono gently told so to Kuina to persuade her.

“You two are being naïve. Yesterday was supposed to be Kuina’s turn at *Oto-san’s day* but... but... Fel stole it away!”

In a teary voice, Kuina complained so.

Each day, through rotation, the one who gets the chance to sleep together with Procell would change. Officially though, the rotation was to decide which one was going to guard Procell for that day. At any rate, it was a most enjoyable day for them where they could act all spoiled. And thus, such a day was referred to as Father’s day—or Oto-san’s day for Kuina.

“It was the day for Oto-san give Fel-chan her reward so even if it was Kuina’s turn, Kuina didn’t sleep together with Oto-san. Kuina didn’t get to enjoy Oto-san’s day.”

It was definitely a big deal for Kuina, as evidenced by her flopped-down fox-ears and her unmoving fox-tail.

“Kuina, these things happen; you don’t have to feel so down. Moreover, I’ll talk to master and ask him to adjust the schedule.”

“Rorono-chan, I love you!”

Kuina declared so and hugged Rorono.

Meanwhile, Rorono returned the embrace, and then patted Kuina on the head while saying *there, there*, to comfort her.

However, looking still worried, Kuina continued to talk.

“...but still, this is the first time that this happened. Even when Wight was reborn or when Ruru-chan showed up, this didn’t happen. And Kuina doesn’t think this will be the last.”

“You have a point.”

“It’s already a problem with just Fel-chan but now, the [Beast] Demon Lord Marchosias is here and that person’s special to Oto-san.”

Upon hearing those words, the gravity of the situation finally dawned on Rorono and Aura.

“This requires consideration.”

“Yeah, it might be a bit bad for us.”

The two said so and sat down on the sofa.

Meanwhile, Kuina returned to the front of the blackboard.

“The worst case scenario is that from now on, Marchosias-sama will be the only one to enjoy Oto-san’s day. If charmed by her, Oto-san might no longer notice us.”

The three Covenant Monsters’ face all went pale.

A scenario where the [Creation] Demon Lord they love and respect was no longer interested in them anymore was nothing but a nightmare to them.

“It is at this time that we need to stand as one!”

Kuina once again raised her voice.

This time, being aware of the situation, Rorono and Aura nodded.

“Kuina-chan, first, we should think of how we will get master to love and keep loving us. I think that if we make ourselves absolutely indispensable, master will

continue to care about us.”

“Exactly. Oto-san does often say he rewards hard work.”

While keeping her eyes on Aura, Kuina continued to speak.

“First up, Aura-chan, you’re amazing. It is because of you that the humans can farm with ease. Plus, your apples are amazing! So, Aura-chan, you’re without a doubt absolutely essential to Avalon!”

“If you say things like that, you’re going to make me blush.”

In order to feed on human emotions, humans must first be gathered. In this regard, Aura was very helpful.

If crops were grown in Avalon’s fields, they would grow big, nutritious, and delicious tasting. Moreover, abundant harvests were guaranteed along with the promises of no diseases or calamity befalling on the crops. This information became well-known among humans, thus prompting the successive immigration of farmers into Avalon. All of these were due to Aura and the High Elves’ blessings.

Additionally, there were also the apples they personally raised themselves. These products, even when eaten as they were, were more potent than low grade potions. And then, among those, there were the much more potent golden apples from the very special [First Tree].

Truly, Aura was indispensable for Avalon.

“Rorono-chan, you’re amazing too! You make lots of amazing weapons and draw lots of humans into Avalon! And it’s thank to you that humans can live comfortably here!”

“Your praise makes me glad but I am only doing duty.”

Whatever look Rorono had, it wasn’t of dissatisfaction.

As Kuina had said, without Rorono, Avalon’s fighting force would drop down to 1/3 of what it currently was. It was no understatement that Avalon was dependent on the weapons and golems that Rorono had made.

Some of the weapons she made were also sold to the humans and the fame of such weapons had spread not only across the country but also abroad. Each

day, many humans would come to Avalon just to purchase her weapons.

Additionally, Rorono was the one in charge of building all of the infrastructures in Avalon, like its waterways for example. Thanks to all of that, Avalon was probably the most sanitary city in the world.

An Avalon without Rorono was unthinkable.

“And then, Kuina... What about Kuina? Kuina isn’t the best at anything. Is Kuina not essential to Oto-san?”

Kuina’s voice grew quieter and quieter as she said so.

And then, while hugging herself and shaking, Kuina frantically thought for things she was best in. Unfortunately though, nothing came to her mind. It was at that point that she thought the worst: that maybe, even without her, Avalon would have no problem carrying on.

“Kuina-chan, you’re irreplaceable. You’re the strongest monster in Avalon, after all!”

Aura gave words of encouragement but Kuina only became more depressed.

“Kuina is the strongest? Once maybe. If you look at Marchosias-sama, you’ll know Kuina can’t win against her. Kuina doesn’t have a chance. It’s hard to win against Wight too. Kuina might be equal to Fel-chan but Kuina definitely isn’t the strongest.”

Until recently, Kuina had the honor of being [Creation] Demon Lord Procell’s strongest monster.

Depending on the strategy, she could still force a win against Wight; he might have explosive power but such power was unstable and hard to control.

When Fel, someone that could rival Kuina, showed up, Kuina’s heart went into riot. But the difference in their combat experience showed that Kuina was slightly the better combatant.

However, then came [Beast] Demon Lord Marchosias. She was special; no matter how much Kuina tried, there was no hope in winning against her. Not only was she better than Kuina in stats but also in combat experience.

“Kuina, you’re the leader of all the monsters in Avalon. You’re the most loved.

There's no need to rush to such conclusions."

"Kuina's not that too, Rorono-chan. Wight is better at leading and is more loved by everyone. Kuina can never lead everyone as skillfully as Wight does."

Kuina was at her wit's end.

She was aware that she was relied and trusted on by the other monsters but, as great as that was, that was the extent of it; she knew that it was impossible to lead the other monsters as well as Wight did.

At that, Kuina rapidly grew terrified, scared of the thought that because she wasn't the best in anything, her turn to have *Oto-san's day* would be stolen away.

Such dreadful thoughts of being unimportant rapidly flooded to her mind.

".....now that you say that, then perhaps you really aren't the number one monster anymore."

Rorono matter-of-factly stated so.

In response, tears welled up in Kuina eyes.

"Rorono-chan, please choose your words carefully."

"Lying won't help anyway. However, master... Father is not the kind of Demon Lord that will dislike a monster just because they aren't the best at anything. I expect you know that too, Kuina."

"Kuina knows that but if there's a monster that's stronger than Kuina, it won't be strange for that monster to be more important than Kuina..."

Kuina wasn't sure whether Procell cared for her as much as he did because she was the strongest or simply because she was herself. What she was sure of was that the moment she wasn't the strongest anymore, she lost her turn to have *Oto-san's day*. That was what mattered to her.

"I understand. If your anxiety is due to you not being the strongest anymore, I will just have to make you the strongest."

"That's impossible. That person's too strong."

"I will close that gap in strength. By my pride as the world's best smith, I will

make you into the strongest monster ever. I will make an extremely strong weapon that'll make full use of your adult form's power. By doing so, you can even surpass that person!"

"Why do so much for me, Rorono-chan?"

"Because you are my older sister. You may be annoying from time to time but you worry and care for me always. ...this is my way of saying thanks for that. Besides, for me, you're the world's best older sister so I can't just abandon you, can I?"

"Rorono-chan!"

Tears in her eyes, Kuina hugged Rorono.

Instead of being tears of sorrow, her tears were now of joy.

"I'll help too. I'm developing a new kind of potion made from golden apples that'll help monsters draw out their latent potentials. If you drink it each day, you should grow stronger. It'll be finished soon and once it's complete, I'll send you some right away. ...I also love my older sister so I don't want you to lose!"

"Aura-chan, I love you too!"

Kuina hugged Aura as well.

No matter what were said, Kuina was undoubtedly loved by the other monsters as a result of her being kind and caring for them.

While still wiping the tears off, Kuina sat down. Judging that Kuina wouldn't be able to continue her duties as the chairman of the meeting anymore, Rorono decided to take over.

"The conclusion for this time's meeting is to make Kuina stronger and have her reclaim her place at being number one. To achieve that, all of us [Monsters of the Covenant] must exert all of our efforts. Kuina, Aura and I will do our best to support you but for you to grow stronger, your effort is more important."

"I understand."

"Apart from that, you probably also need to talk to master personally."

"I have the same opinion. I think that if you go talk to master, you'll be

convinced that he cares for you not only because you're the best at anything."

Kuina and Rorono both nodded. Still though, the uneasiness in their hearts didn't disappear.

"Rorono-chan, I thought up something good. For your reward, how about you ask master for an opportunity to converse a lot? Wouldn't that make you really happy?"

Aura began telling her idea and when Kuina and Rorono heard it, they were both excited.

"Aura-chan, that's a good idea!"

"Mhm, I think so too."

The two proceeded to praise Aura for her marvelous idea.

After a while, Rorono cleared her throat.

"Well then, this [Monsters of the Covenant] meeting is adjourned. From now on as well, as [Monsters of the Covenant], let us support master in any way we can. ...All three of us."

Clapping resounded all over the room as the meeting ended.

Thanks to this meeting, the bond of the three had grown stronger still.



Back to Procell's point of view

I had finished practicing with [Awakening] and was finally returning to my residence.

On our way, because Marcho still clung to my right arm, we received plenty of teasing from the citizens of Avalon. I didn't mind it though.

When we arrived, I found Rorono in front of the house.

"Father"

When Rorono noticed me, she rushed over, her silver hair fluttering in the wind.

"Rorono, have you decided on a reward?"

“Mhm, I have. What I wish for is some of Father’s time. Please be with me and only me for even just a day. Just me and you, Father.”

Rorono placed her hand on my chest and pleaded so. In return, I smiled wryly.

“Of course, it will be done. On that matter, if we stay here in Avalon, everyone else will get in the way of your request so let’s go outside the city.”

Hearing that, Rorono’s eyes sparkled.

She was so adorable and thus, I decided to pat her head.

“Thank you, Father! I’m looking forward to it!”

After saying so, Rorono walked away.

She’s so adorable. If this much will make her happy, I’ll be glad to cooperate.

“Woah, Procell, that smile. As I thought, you really are a lolicon, huh?”

“No, I’m not. It’s just that my daughter is so adorable.”

Marcho teased me so.

I ignored her jests and began making plans for my and Rorono’s trip.

Granting her request of a full day without anything else to worry about would have to wait until after the upcoming feast though; I might be too busy to afford being away for that long.

Now that I think about it, I might have been too busy lately to care for Kuina and the others. As the father, I think I have to spend time with my family from time to time.

Chapter 6: The Feast of the Demon Lords

The day for the feast finally came.

Though I had been referring to it as a feast, it was by no means an ordinary dining party. With all of the Demon Lords that aided in the mission to rescue Marcho—namely [Dragon] Demon Lord Astaroth, [Time] Demon Lord Dantalian, and [Wind] Demon Lord Stolas—coming to attend, it was an assembly of very important Demon Lords.

Furthermore, it was also the day where I was going to part with Felsias and Rozelitte. So, although I was excited for the arrival of this day, I also dreaded it.

At any rate, I was currently outside of my residence.

“Master, will you be sad when I’m gone?”

Fel pulled on my sleeve and asked me so.

Upon hearing her question, I didn’t need to think twice. So, I squatted down, looked her in the eye, and told her my answer.

“Of course, I’ll be lonely. I’ve grown to love you, after all.”

She was undoubtedly capable. Not only that, she had grown very close with me, Kuina, and the others too.

“I’m so glad that master likes me. But then, if you really do like me, then why... oh, never mind.”

She began saying something but then stopped midway.

My guess was that she wanted me to make her stay, or at least try. However, I would not do that; much like myself if I ever were parted from Kuina and the others, the [Time] Demon Lord would definitely also be lonely without Fel. In fact, if I were in the situation where the other Demon Lord refuses to return my monster, I don’t doubt that I would kill that Demon Lord.

...but then again, I would also kill if something like what I did to Fel was done to my girls. I really have to apologize sincerely.

“I’ve thought of doing that but in consideration for your happiness, I’ve

decided against it.”

Without holding back, I patted the teary eyed Fel.

“Ohh, I love you too, master!”

With a certain sparkle in her eyes, Fel smiled and said so.

I’m glad she’s so honest.

“Oh my, how about me?”

The angel-type monster Rozelitte teasingly asked so.

“I’m very grateful to you too for your service on the last campaign, of course.”

Working in the background, she supported us greatly. Without her powers, that campaign would have most likely been much harder.

“I’m afraid your words wouldn’t be enough though. I want a reward. The [Time] Demon Lord’s monster has gotten various rewards already so isn’t it only proper that I too receive a special reward?”

“Name it. So long as I can grant it, it shall be done.”

I was sure that it was only my imagination but for a moment, I thought that Rozelitte put emphasis on *various rewards*.

At any rate, it was as she said. While she did receive the rewards given to all the other monsters—like money to buy things in the city and such—beyond that, she hasn’t received any.

Considering that she was sent here from [Wind] Demon Lord Stolas’s side, some kind of special reward was a given.

Upon hearing me, Rozelitte drew close and whispered something in my ear.

“I want you to kiss Stolas-sama. That will be more than enough.”

Fel, who was still nearby, leaned in to eavesdrop but it didn’t seem like she heard anything.

“Wouldn’t that make her angry?”

“Most probably.”

“Hey.”

Does she enjoy purposefully making her master angry?

“But that’ll be just to hide her embarrassment. She might act like she’s angry but I’m sure she’ll be glad that you did something like that. She’s that kind of girl, after all. So for that reason, please do this. Or is it that the [Creation] Demon Lord is the kind of Demon Lord that breaks his word?”

“I said as long as I can grant it.”

“Yeah, but my, around you, that girl always lets her guard down. So I’m sure you can do it. Anyway, I’ll take my leave here; I still have to buy everyone back home their souvenirs. This city’s got a lot of wonderful things that it’s so hard to choose which to get.”

Rozelitte then flapped her wings and left. But not before reminding me to keep to our agreement.

What a headache.

Rozelitte probably thought of Stolas as her younger sister. Even then though, she was too caring.

“Master, are you in trouble?”

“Just a bit.”

“I might be able to do something!”

Fel proudly said so. In reaction to that, I smiled wryly and then patted her on the head.

“It’s alright; I’ll manage somehow. More importantly, Fel, don’t you have some preparations to do? You have to look as cute as you could.”

“Okay! Look forward to seeing an even cuter Fel!”

After saying so, Fel went into my residence.

At the moment, my [Monsters of the Covenant] and Marcho were busy prettying themselves up with make-up and with the clothes of the city’s best designers.

Such a thing was also provided by the Curtrude Company—the one led by Conanna. It might have been trivial but it showed their attention to detail.

It wasn't often that the girls dressed up so as a father, I looked forward to seeing what they would look like all dolled up.

Also, to not waste the chance, it was decided that Fel and Rozelitte be also included in the service. As for why they were outside, Rozelitte had finished ahead of the others so she went out already whereas Fel simply got bored and decided to slip out.

"Are they here?"

When I looked up in the sky, I saw a dragon that was gigantic even though it was still far. On its back was a single person.

Okay, let's go meet them.

With such thoughts, I headed toward the city's gate.



As soon as I arrived at the gate, a gigantic, white-bodied dragon clad with a golden, divine aura landed.

It had the appearance of a conventional dragon from the west but the power it held within was so enormous, it was anything but conventional.

I wouldn't have been surprised if it was truly the strongest dragon. Such was probably the [Dragon] Demon Lord's trump card.

It was unbelievable that such a dragon was used for just transportation.

"[Creation] Demon Lord, you're here. Ohh, it doesn't seem you were faking it; it looks like you're really the man I thought you to be."

I heard such things followed by loud laughter, *kakaka*.

When I looked up, I saw [Dragon] Demon Lord Astoroth looking down on me from the top of the dragon.

His appearance was that of an aged man with a sturdy body. Though he looked like it, he didn't feel old at all. He exuded such presence and drive that I couldn't possibly match.

My body was telling me to kneel and although I resisted, it was just barely.

"Welcome. We have prepared a reception for you so please follow me this

way.”

“Hmm... wait. Another person is coming. It would be a waste of effort for you to do your welcome all over again so let’s just wait for a while.”

Astaroth then turned around. When I looked at that direction, I saw that space was being distorted. What then greeted my eyes were three individuals.

The first one was a handsome, graceful, aristocratic young man. It was the [Time] Demon Lord Dantalian. He was dressed in even better clothes than when I saw him last.

The second one was a monster. It was a Qilin that had flames for its mane. It was the commanding officer of [Time] Demon Lord’s boasted elite shock troops, the [Chronos Knights]. I had met this nightmarish monster before when the [Time] Demon Lord wanted to test me in a game he devised^{LN Volume 2}. In that game, this monster had managed to pressure Aura. Aura somehow pulled a win in the end but then again, that monster didn’t use its powers over [Time]. Even now, I was only 50% sure my Monsters of the Covenant could win against such a fiend.

The third was another monster but it appeared like an old man whose back was bent forward. It was my first time to encounter this monster but I knew then and there that this one was an incredibly strong monster. Perhaps it could even rival Teflare, the flame-maned Qilin. I was even confident to bet that this monster was one of [Time] Demon Lord’s [Monsters of the Covenant].

“Ohh. It’s rare for the always-perfectly-on-time Dan to arrive way earlier than the appointed time. Could there be something you’re worried of?”

The [Dragon] Demon Lord Astaroth affectionately referred to the [Time] Demon Lord Dantalian as simply Dan.

“Don’t call me by that name. We’ve long since parted ways.”

“You’re the only one that says that. I surely don’t think so. At any rate, for you to bring such companions to a simple feast, I see that your competitiveness hasn’t changed.”

“Ast—you misunderstand. It’s not that I brought these guys but rather these guys insisted on coming.”

The [Time] Demon Lord covered his eyes with his right hand and then sighed. When he did so, both the Qilin and the old man then began to speak.

“How dare you snatch away the princess? If you ever did anything awful to her, do not expect mercy.”

“Has Fel said anything about her grandpa? Like missing me, wanting to take a nap with me, or wanting to have some of my sweets?”

What the heck are these guys? Did they come here today just to reunite with Fel a little bit sooner?

“[Time] Demon Lord Dantalian-sama, you have my sympathies.”

“I appreciate it. However, don’t misunderstand that I never listen to their wishes just because they’re a handful; especially since I share their worries. So, if something did happen to Fel... you’re dead.”

He said so while looking at me with eyes so cold, it could freeze one’s soul.

Nope, can’t say it. Definitely can’t say that I almost made her unable to marry anymore.

“At any rate, this way please.”

“Hmm, yeah. This looks like it’ll be a lengthy talk and I’ll much prefer to do it sitting down.”

The [Dragon] Demon Lord remarked so and then put the monster he rode to get here into his [Storage].

Upon doing so, the figure of a girl appeared. She was probably hidden by the massive dragon’s body.

“Stolas, I’m so glad you came.”

“I didn’t come for you, just so you know. It’s just that Rozelitte wrote in a letter that this was a good city and that got me intrigued.”

Stolas was the same as ever.

If there was anyone around me that had mastered the one true way of being a tsundere, it was her.

For today, she had put in more effort in looking prettier—wearing slight

make-up to complement her beautiful black dress as well as wearing a necklace I hadn't seen before—and it worked; she was fascinating.

“Still, thank you for coming. I have wanted to see you after all.”

“...! Just focus on guiding us as the host, please.”

Stolas extended her hand as though suggesting that I grab it. When I did so, I thought up of something good.

If I do this, I'll be able to grant Rozelitte's request.

“With pleasure, young miss. I'll guide you with all my heart.”

While saying so, I knelt down before her and then kissed the back of her hand.

In reaction, even the tips of her ears went bright red.

“Y, yeah, thank you; I'll be in your care.”

For some reason, while averting her eyes, she said so in a formal way.

As I thought, it's fun to have her around. I want us to be better friends.

“[Creation] Demon Lord, will you do that to me too?”

The [Dragon] Demon Lord asked so with a straight face.

“...you want me to do that to you...?”

“I'm just kidding!”

He said so and followed it with a laugh, *Gahaha!*

To which I thought: *I still can't figure out this person.*



For today's feast, a whole restaurant was reserved. It was a restaurant whose main target clientele were merchants and first-class adventurers.

However, for us Demon Lords to talk properly, having no humans to interfere was the better choice.

Regularly, there would be a very talented pianist that would perform songs—as dictated by the current atmosphere or by requests—in this place but for today, instead of such, we had R'lyeh Diva, the otherworld songstress.

It seemed she was talented not only in singing but all things sound-related. With her singing to her own piano accompaniment, I was sure the mood in the place would be even better.

And so, she began her performance. It was a calming melody that made me think of the sea.

“Ohh, this seems like a good store.”

“I see you’ve prepared at least the minimum to receive us.”

[Dragon] and [Time] seemed pleased.

Stolas, meanwhile, was still holding my hand even though we had reached our destination. Needless to say, not being able to freely use my hand was a tad inconvenient.

Perhaps, if I suggested it, she’ll happily agree to a tour to even the remotest shops in the city.

“Procell, when are they going to get here?”

Some irritation in his voice, the [Time] Demon Lord asked so.

Such irritation was rare for him, considering that he was usually so calm.

“They’ll be here soon. I guess it’s just taking them time to prepare.”

“I see. ...by the way, Procell, stop being so formal with me. I have recognized you as an equal and thus lent a hand last time. So, hearing you all formal just feels more like you’re mocking me.”

“I understand—I mean, okay. And if you don’t mind, I’ll call you Dan from now on.”

Upon hearing my reply, he gagged vehemently and then, after a while, he began laughing out loud.

Even his two monsters were surprised as they looked at him.

“Fuhaha, geez. As I thought, I just can’t seem to like you but then, I don’t dislike you either.”

“What’s this? When have you two become so close? Well then, stop being so formal to me too. But don’t go overboard; you still have to respect me as the

father-in-law.”

“Astaroth-sama, what are you talking about?”

Stolas went bright red once again as she retorted so. By the way, she finally let go of my hand.

At any rate, the real, scheduled time was drawing near.

And just when I thought of that, the door opened.

What it revealed was the figure of six beautiful girls: my three [Monsters of the Covenant]; Rozelitte, the monster lent to me by Stolas; Felsias, the [Time] Demon Lord’s daughter; and lastly, Marchosias, the [Beast] Demon Lord who was reborn to be my monster.

Each wore clothes, make-up, and accessories that would draw out their best charms.

Upon seeing them, Dantalian’s eyes were wide open. And with a dumb expression on his face, he remarked:

“It’s a most beautiful sight”

With all the actors on stage, let the feast commence.

Note:

The event with Teflare refers to the bonus chapter of the 2nd volume of the LN. I haven’t read it completely since the vertical arrangement of the characters confuses me greatly.

Anyway, to summarize, the day after Procell received the letter to meet up with the three Demon Lords, he was summoned by Dantalian to be in a game. And the game was a one on one to see if Procell was worthy of Dantalian’s attention and his favors (like the permission for Procell to build his dungeon so close to Dantalian’s). It was done in a coliseum that turns back time, like in the first volume. Without the Creator’s aid however, it’s very limited and hence only a 1vs1. After Aura volunteered to be tribute, I stopped reading. Maybe in the future I’ll do a proper translation along with the other bonus chapters. For now, I’d like to focus on the WN.

A couple of other points:

1. The Chronos Knights are composed of twelve members instead of twenty. I don't know whether the raw was just edited or if I'm just dumb to make that mistake (probably the latter) but whichever it was, volume 5 chapter 13 has been updated. Makes more sense to have twelve members too, what with the time theme and all.
 2. The Demon Lord that Dantalian's supposed to caring for (like Procell for Marcho) has apparently been discarded because he/she was incompetent and Dantalian has no patience for incompetence.
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Chapter 7: Avalon's Charm

Upon seeing the dolled-up Marcho and Fel, the [Time] Demon Lord was dumbstruck and I couldn't blame him.

The dresses provided by the Curtrude Company was a work of art made by a designer famous even abroad. This woman, despite achieving her firm status, had felt herself being stuck in a rut. To overcome such a rut, she had set her eyes on Avalon—where excellent things had gathered from all over—and immigrated here.

I had spoken to her just once before but I was already able to tell that she was determined to improve and yet still very sociable.

From among the dresses she had completed, she chose the ones that best suited the girls and reworked them to suit the girls further. Upon knowing that such beautiful girls were going to wear her dresses, she was ecstatic. So much so that she finished the dresses in such a short amount of time.

To draw out Marcho's bewitching appeal, hers was a stylish white dress that clung to her bodyline. It also had a large slit at the back. The contrasting of her brown skin and her white dress was breathtakingly beautiful.

As for Fel, to bring out her cuteness, the dress designed for her was a fluffy black dress. The ribbon she wore was a nice accent.

"Father, oh how I wanted to see you!"

With her tail swinging, Fel jumped into an embrace with the [Time] Demon Lord.

For a young girl who has been separated from father, she must have felt really uneasy.

With a tender expression on his face, the [Time] Demon Lord returned her embrace.

"Me too; I was so worried about you."

I sympathized with how they felt and thus decided to let parent and child

enjoy their reunion.

“Oto-san, does, does Kuina look cute?”

“Kuina, getting a headstart is sneaky.”

“Yeah, we want master to take a look at us too.”

It was then that my [Monsters of the Covenant] approached.

Kuina had eyes full of expectations; Rorono was acting somewhat embarrassed; and Aura was being bashful. Each of the three acted differently but all of them wanted me to praise their dress.

“All of you look cute. You’ve always looked cute but now, you’re even cuter.”

“Yay! ♪”

“Mhm. That makes me happy.”

“Thank you!!”

Kuina wore a greatly revealing red dress that showcased her grown-upped form’s sexual appeal. The disparity between her appearance and her childish behavior had a mysterious charm to it.

Meanwhile, Rorono’s was an elegant sky-blue dress that made her really give the impression that she was a noble. Rorono had always been more beautiful than cute and this dress had highlighted that.

And as for Aura, her dress was a sexy violet dress that showcased her body lines and cleavage to emphasize her voluptuous body. If she were to appear in high society, she would definitely be a head turner.

“Procell, I’m hungry; can we perhaps eat soon?”

Somewhat pouting, [Wind] Demon Lord Stolas told me so.

I guess she’s upset I’m praising other girls.

“Oh, of course. I’ll have the food served right away.”

When I clapped my hands, the food was carried in.

Upon seeing this, the girls who had just arrived took their seats.

The table that was prepared for us was a round one, making conversation

easy even with this many participants.

Marcho and my three monsters seated themselves around me, Fel sat next to the [Time] Demon Lord, and all the other monsters sat beside their Demon Lords.

The exception being the flaming Qilin, Teflare; Teflare could speak but unlike [Time]'s other monster, it was not able to take up human form.



One after the other, the best dishes from all over the world were being brought in.

As long as merchants could, even if by foot, they would travel to an area and acquaint themselves in that area's network of merchants.

And when they become a first-rate merchant like Conanna, they could force their way to networks all over the world, continuously gather information, and obtain each area's best seasonal products.

Even the highest-ranking Demon Lords shouldn't have that many opportunities to enjoy such seasonal and exotic delicacies.

The control over air travel, such was Avalon's charm.

"You're just a greenhorn and yet you've prepared this many wonderful things."

"In case you prepared only inferior things, I would have forced you to do better but now, I can't really complain."

"Fufu, you're my child so this much is just natural."

It seemed to have pleased the tastes of the three strongest Demon Lords and for that, I was relieved.

When the dishes were all served, Avalon wine was poured into our glasses. This wine was made using the golden apples of the [First Tree], a tree that was equal to a World Tree. Just like with the golden apples, this wine was only available here in Avalon.

When I was thinking of doing a toast to officially start the feast, Marcho

spoke.

“Dan, Ast, Procell, everyone, thank you for helping me. I am here right now, smiling, only thanks to everyone’s efforts. Please accept my gratitude.”

Upon hearing her words, the [Dragon] Demon Lord laughed, *kukuku*. As for the [Time] Demon Lord, he seemed calm but there were subtle signs of his face turning red.

“Marcho, helping a friend in need is only natural. Or so I would like to say but I have to confess that my plans were to ignore your plight. We did have that non-intervention agreement, after all. What convinced me to act was your child. Above all, it was akin to a business arrangement where I was compensated. For those reasons, I have no right to accept your gratitude.”

The [Dragon] Demon Lord said so and shot me a meaningful glance.

In reaction, I smiled. The [Dragon] Demon Lord was not the type of man to act for such a measly compensation. However, he did need an excuse so that he could help Marcho and I was the perfect one.

“I’m the same as the [Dragon], no, I’m the same as Ast; there’s no need to thank me. It’s vexing but I was not the one to save you; it was Procell. Rather than be thanked, I should be the one thanking him. So, Procell, thank you for keeping Marcho alive. I consider my reward of having more time to be with Marcho fulfilled.”

The [Time] Demon Lord then turned to me and smiled.

His smiling face was so beautiful and so devoid of worry... that it made me feel even more guilty.

Embarrassed by the words of her two old friends, Marcho smiled as well.

However, she didn’t attempt to thank them again. Their bond was deep enough that no words were needed to express their unspoken feelings.

“Hey, Dan, earlier you said not to call you Dan anymore but now, you’re the one going back to our old way of calling each other. What changed your mind?”

“I was being nonsensical. With all three of us gathered in the same dining table, there was no sense in being so obstinate anymore.”

“Kakaka, you say this now after complicating things for at least a century. Oh well, it was nice to hear you call me Ast again before I die. That’s one less regret to worry about. ...anyway, Marcho, although I have a theory, I’m still going to ask: what’s with that form? You look a lot younger.”

The [Dragon] Demon Lord narrowed his eyes and examined Marcho.

“I was reborn. I was able to drive back the ones that attacked me but at that point, I had used [Awakening] too much, therefore using up what little left of my lifespan. Just when I was about to vanish, Procell used [Rebirth] and that turned me into his monster. As I currently am, I am no longer a Demon Lord.”

“Hmm, I see. It’s surprising though, to have you—someone who proudly persists more than anyone to follow the proper path for a Demon Lord—rely on such a shady method.”

The [Dragon] Demon Lord said so and then looked toward the [Time] Demon Lord’s direction.

The [Time] Demon Lord was leaning on his elbow, looking as calm as before, when he began to speak.

“I’m worried too. Marcho, why did you accept [Rebirth] but not my powers over [Time] when it could have just as easily prolonged your life? Can you tell me your reason?”

Upon hearing the question, Marcho scratched her cheek, avoided eye contact, and then turned red.

My guess was that she was embarrassed because she thought of what happened between us back then.

Just when she steeled herself and was about to speak, a growling sound was made and all eyes were directed to the source of that sound.

“I-I’m sorry. Please, continue speaking.”

The source was Fel or more specifically, her rumbling stomach.

To have such a feast before oneself and not be able to eat it, it would surely make one’s stomach protest.

Someone laughed, then another, until everyone was laughing.

“Gahahaha. Dan, it seems your cute, little monster has grown tired of this long talk. Well, let’s enjoy the food first; the talk can wait until after our bellies are full.”

“I’m sorry, Father.”

Fel said so while her wolf-ears were down and her face hidden.

“No, it’s fine. I’ve wanted to eat too. Procell, why are you not doing anything? You’re supposed to be the host today.”

It seemed like the [Time] Demon Lord was really indulgent to his daughter.

If it were not for Fel, I might have interrupted his conversation with Marcho. However, and if I did do that and he felt he lost face, it wouldn’t have been strange if he decided to cut off my head.

“Then, a toast: to Marcho’s safety and to renewed friendship.”

“”””Cheers!””””

We all shouted so and made our glasses bump into the other’s.

And with that, we began eating the feast.



“Procell, this wine made of apples is really good. I would like to enjoy some of it in my own dungeon. Can that be arranged?”

“I’m sorry but no. Today’s wine needs special apples to make but I’m afraid we can’t produce them in large enough quantities so giving away this kind of wine for free is something that can’t be done. If you’re fine with wine one grade lower, I’ll have it ready. But for this one, again, sorry.”

As to be expected, I could not just carelessly hand over wine made out of the golden apples.

If it was wine made out of ordinary Avalon apples, then sure, he could have as much he would have wanted but the golden apples were primarily used for the creation of strong recovery potions and were thus too much of a valuable resource to be used all on wine.

“I see. That’s a shame. Then, how about I offer an A rank medal in return for

some bottles?”

“Dan, stop it with that. If you give out an A rank medal for some wine, you’re going to be punished by the Creator again. If you really have to have it, I suggest waiting until after Procell has graduated from being a newly born Demon Lord. On that note, Procell, send me some of the next finest wine. In exchange, I’ll give some dragon meat. Those are rare, you know. There are some dragons that would periodically cut their tails to make it grow bigger and those cut-off tails could then serve as food. And if you haven’t known already, dragon steaks are delicious.”

Old Demon Lords were currently at the risk of being penalized for giving monsters and DP to new Demon Lords like me. The exception to this rule was when new Demon Lords offered something of equal value in return.

Based on their exchange, however, it seemed like [Time] was going to be punished for lending Fel to me.

“Ast, you’re just stealing a march on me. You’ve always been so sly.”

The two bantered and created an atmosphere unique to old friends. In truth, I was a little envious of them.

“Rest assured, I’ll send bottles of wine made out of apples—although not of golden apples—to the both of you.”

For the favor they did me, this much was the least I could do.

The two nodded and continued on with their meal.

“Oto-san, look at these giant prawns! They’re so delicious but it’s a bit troublesome to peel their shells off.”

What Kuina held in her hand was a prawn so superb, it was like a lobster.

These prawns caught somewhere in the northern sea was now presented to us deep-fried—without any breading—and ready to be dipped into a spicy, bitter-sweet sauce.

“You don’t have to peel the shells off; you can eat them as they are.”

I said so and demonstrated it to her. I chewed on one and felt the meat dance around my mouth. The combination of its juices that were overflowing in my

mouth and the sauce was just sublimely delicious. I would go so far to say that it was more delicious than anything I had eaten so far.

With sparkling eyes, Kuina mimicked me.

“Oto-san! This is amazing! It’s crunchy and the taste is so deep! Kuina loves this!”

The fact that it was alive until this morning certainly boosted its deliciousness.

As for why the shell was soft, the prawns used were ones which had just finished molting. Molting was when prawns shed their shells so that they could grow. In place of their old shells, however, were the still-thin-and-soft ones. When deep-fried, the shell provides a crunchy, pleasant texture as well as good flavor. And so, biting and chewing these lobster-like, large prawns—shells and all—was considered very luxurious.

“Master, check these beef sashimi out. I very much like them. It’s strange though; it looks raw but its warm juices are simply amazing. Its sauce is splendid as well.”

“Oh, those aren’t sashimi; those are cut-out center portions of grilled meat.”

What Rorono ate was a kind of steak.

In this world, there were also such things as premium cows. These cows, simply because they were very delicious to eat, were bred, fed, made to exercise, and managed. Raising such creatures was mostly a hobby for nobles, considering the high price it would take, but the taste of their meat certainly matched the cost.

For every large cut of 2kg of meat cooked whole, only about 100g of it—the central part—was served to us. Truly, a very luxurious item.

“For me, I love this oyster paella. The delicious taste of the shellfish permeates all over the rice. Such bliss.”

What Aura ate was a special kind of oyster paella; rather than the oyster being added to the rest of the paella was in the oyster.

The paella was made by putting rice grains into these large, clam-like oyster shells; adding in dashi, which was a stock made from kelp; adding in a small

quantity of alcohol; and then steam-cooking it.

By doing so, the flavor of the oysters was contained within the rice, making the dish delicious.

In addition to those dishes, every single one of the many cuisine that were served to us was very exotic and luxurious.

“That Conanna really went all out, huh.”

As per my instructions of disregarding cost, Conanna had arranged for numerous outrageous cuisines.

Everyone was amazed.

More than the ingredients, what made these dishes amazing was the sheer variety of them. The most marvelous recipes from all over the world were arranged for this feast and we had the pleasant opportunity to experience them ourselves.

It went without saying that the delicious food and the great alcohol made everyone happy, filling the place with the sight of our smiles and the sound of our laughter.



After a while, black tea and desserts were brought out. Our final dessert was an apple pie. I initially thought it was a little disappointing to have something so common be the last item of our feast but when I tasted it, it was outrageously delicious.

The apple pie used golden apples so it was a given that it was delicious but even then, the patissier’s amazing skills made it even more so. Each technique used and each ingredient chosen—other than the apples—were perfect, making it the ultimate apple pie.

Its crust was crisp; its syrup had a subtle taste; and the flavor of the apples was vivid. With all of these, the pie delighted me greatly.

I see, so this is why Conanna said to look forward most of all to the desserts.

Apparently, these desserts were made by a noble who hailed from a certain remote, pioneering village. This man, despite being praised as the pride of the

nation, was an eccentric who chooses to remain in his village. And even when asked to, he would decline requests of making pastries.

I heard, however, that after seeing the apples and being told of a superior variety, he considered wanting to create desserts using the best ingredients and then accepted our request. Since it was the golden apples, he probably decided it was better to make a simple pastry to fully draw out its flavor.

I'd like to meet him once.

It didn't seem like I was the only one that enjoyed his creation. In fact, I would argue that anyone who tasted it would be at a loss for words.

After a while, we all were finally finished with desserts.

"Procell, the feast today was magnificent. Even for me, this was the first time I've experienced such good food."

"As a top-ranking Demon Lord, it vexes me to say it but I agree. You've outclassed my dungeon in terms of culture, Procell. It seems your decision of building a city does have some pretty good merits."

The [Dragon] Demon Lord and the [Time] Demon Lord each expressed their words of praise.

"The ones that are truly amazing are the humans that made all of these. I've merely gathered them."

Technically, even that was done by the human merchants. To have a network that reached all corners of the world, not even a Demon Lord could have that.

"I too am satisfied. Procell, there aren't many Demon Lords who could skillfully use humans like this, you know. There's no harm in patting yourself in the back for this. Besides that, hey, let me eat these delicious things again someday, okay?"

Marcho jokingly asked. In reaction, I just smiled wryly.

With our bellies full and with the mood cheery, it was great.

Right then, however, the expression on Marcho's face turned serious and she then decided to continue the interrupted talk from earlier.

“Now, onto why accepted Procell’s use of [Rebirth]. Procell said to me, when I was on the brink of vanishing, that he loves me, that he wants me to be his and that he’ll make me forget about the man I loved before. He said all this as he wept and embraced my tattered body. It was then that I thought I couldn’t leave this boy behind, not after being touched by dedication. So yeah, I had fallen in love with him. And I wanted to be with him longer.”

Marcho explained so and then put a happy smile on her face.

Seeing that, the [Dragon] Demon Lord laughed a little whereas Stolas puffed her cheeks.

As for the [Time] Demon Lord...

“I see. It vexes me that I was not the one to say *I’ll make you forget about him*. I was so preoccupied with trying to catch up with him that the thought didn’t even occur to me. Really vexing.”

“Hmm, Dan, are you angry? It might not be my business but snatching away the woman you love from the one she loves is foolish to me. My advice is to just give up.”

“Ast, you’re misunderstanding something. I can’t not love Marcho. Sure, at the moment, she loves Procell, but that’s all; it doesn’t affect my feelings for her. Pity me if you must but I’ve grown accustomed to loving somebody who doesn’t love me back and who loves somebody else. My centuries-long love for her isn’t some trivial thing. ...If this much could make me give up on loving her, I would have gone for some other woman long ago.”

The [Time] Demon Lord paused and then took a deep breath so that he could deliver his next words with all his heart.

“So to answer your question, Ast, I’m not angry and I don’t plan to be. Rather, the words I want to say to Procell is *thank you for fulfilling our agreement*. After that, I’m declaring it here and now that I am going to make Marcho fall in love with me and take her away from him.”

His words were filled with conviction and were definitely not a bluff. They were his true and honest feelings.

That being said, I had no intention of making it easy for him.

“I won’t let you.”

I strongly declared so. Marcho’s love was mine.

“Very well. Now that that is taken care of, there is something else I’d like you tell me.”

The [Time] Demon Lord said so and then smiled coldly.

“For some time now, every time you say you love Marcho, my precious Fel has a sad expression on her face. It’s as if she’s fallen completely in love for you as well. So, tell me, why is this the case? Just what did you do to Fel?”

He then shot me a look that by itself could kill.

There’s no escape, I realized. And so, I readied myself and spoke.

Chapter 8: Fel's Choice

The [Time] Demon Lord asked about Fel.

It was possible to lie but I would rather not do that to a Demon Lord^{Person} who honestly bared their feelings for Marcho.

I have to brace myself.

"I laid my hands on her. I fiddled with her tail and then kissed her. And then, the other day, to discipline her, I made her undress and then spanked her bottom. I'm really sorry."

I said so and bowed my head.

The fiddling of Fel's tail and kissing her happened when I used [Awakening] within Marcho's dungeon. And then, the other day, by Fel's request, I used [Awakening] again. On that second event, I fiddled with her tail again and then afterwards, I spanked her. ...when I did so, I felt extremely happy but obviously, that was an awful thing to do.

After hearing me, the [Time] Demon Lord smiled.

"I see, you did that to Fel, huh. ...now die."

The world became slower. Or so I thought but it was more accurate to say that time stopped flowing for me.

Such was the ability called [Time]. If things stayed like so, I would die without being able to lift a finger, let alone any kind of resistance.

But then, my consciousness returned.

As it did, I saw a white tail before me.

"Fel, don't get in the way. I have to give this man his due."

"Father, p-please wait"

Fel was protecting me.

The only ones who could move in a space governed by the powers of [Time] were the [Time] Demon Lord and the monsters who had the ability to

manipulate [Time].

The two subordinates of the [Time] Demon Lord—the flame Qilin Telflare and the mysterious old man—had no inclination to protect me so if it weren't for Fel, I most probably would have died.

“Chief, let's do it. If you won't, I will.”

The Qilin said so while being clad in black flames summoned from hell. It was the ultimate flame that embodied incineration itself. Unbound by the laws of physics, its flames would continue to burn even while under water.

“M-my Fel-tan, my Fel-tan has been soiled. Grandpa's going to destroy this city!”

It was only the old man's face but he transformed nonetheless into a raging dragon. Dragon whiskers appeared and his eyes turned into these fiery reptilian eyes.

“No, stop! Don't harm master!”

Fel desperately petitioned so.

However, the [Time] Demon Lord just looked at me as one would at trash.

“Step aside, Fel. Let me kill that man... Or could it be that, by his authority as your Demon Lord, this man has commanded you to do this?”

The [Time] Demon Lord was furious. There was no way he was going to forgive me and, honestly, I deserved that much. Losing myself via [Awakening] was no excuse. To make matters worse, knowing all of the risks, I still used [Awakening] again when Fel requested it.

“I am not being commanded”

Fel shook her head no.

“What he did is unforgiveable!”

“Even so, please, don't! I, I...”

Tears began flowing from her eyes.

Fel, you can stop now.

It was painful to let her continue protecting me like this: by going against her father.

“...Felsias, that’s enough. I [Command] you to step aside.”

Through a Demon Lord’s authority over a monster, a [Command] given by them must be carried out without exception.

As of the moment, control over Fel was mine.

The [Time] Demon Lord was perfectly aware of such and even though his [Command] had no binding effect, if Fel decided to disobey him, it would mean them parting ways.

“I-I may not be able to disobey you but if you insist on giving me this [Command], know that I will you for it. I will hate you Father, you Tef-niisama, and you Ragna-jii. I will hate all of you.”

Seeing Fel act as tough as she could, the [Time] Demon Lord’s party was confused.

Given that, I stood up, grabbed Fel by the shoulder, and hid her behind me. There was no way I could let her act as my shield any more than she has.

“[Time] Demon Lord Dantalian, let me return Fel to you. Kill me after that please. If you kill me right now, I won’t be able to transfer authority over her, after all.”

And so, I began the transferring of the authority over Fel.

I then extended my hand. By grabbing it, the [Time] Demon Lord would complete the process.

“Procell, if you release Fel—who has the ability to manipulate [Time]—over to me, there will be nothing you can do to stop me. If you intend to use the monsters behind you, you will find that that is a futile effort. Having unparalleled strength, such is the ability called [Time].”

“Even so, I’m sure. I do have one request though: please don’t break my crystal. These children are innocent in this matter.”

Even if I was killed, so long as Wight and Marcho were there, Avalon would be safe.

“Good resolve. Now, return Fel to me.”

With that, the transfer was complete. Seeing that, Fel leaked out a sad sigh.

“Now, there is nothing to stop me anymore. Before I kill the [Creation] Demon Lord, Fel, tell me, why are you willing to go that far to protect that man, that lolicon who laid his hands on you?”

Tears in her eyes, Fel fearlessly looked straight at the [Time] Demon Lord.

“Because I love master. It was my wish, my request that he did those things. He was only listening to my selfishness; he’s not at fault!”

“Is that true?”

“It is! So, please, forgive master! Please! I’ll do anything, please!”

Fel said so while her head was lowered.

Meanwhile, the [Time] Demon Lord let out a long, long sigh.

After a while, he then smiled thinly.

“For you to lie to me—for the very first time—must prove how much you love him. I understand that much. My desire to kill him hasn’t changed but I would rather stay my hand than be hated by you.”

What Fel said was indeed a lie.

She did request that I use [Awakening] on the second time but on the first one, I simply did what I wanted regardless of her say on the matter.

Upon realizing that she was lying, the [Time] Demon Lord sympathized with what she felt. He then put a hand on her shoulder and asked her something.

“Fel, I’m going to give you a choice to make. Return to my side or be that man’s monster. Whichever you choose, I give you my word that I will not do anything horrible to him.”

Fel then began to tremble.

For a young girl like her, it must have been a difficult life choice.

“I-I’ve decided. I love master. I also Kuina who is like an older sister to me. I’ve also made a lot of friends here in master’s very amusing city. The food here is

very tasty too.”

Recently, Fel has become familiar with Avalon.

She has been adoring Kuina as though the latter truly was an older sister; has been befriending the other monsters; and has been enjoying herself casually in Avalon.

“I see”

The [Time] Demon Lord murmured so, almost with a sigh.

“But the one I love most is Father. I look up to Tef-niisama. Even though Ragna-jii is annoying, I don’t dislike him. I love everyone in the [Chronos Knights] too. It is there that I belong. I love you, master, but I choose to be with Father.”

Fel strongly declared so.

Her decision wasn’t out of impulse but rather out of careful deliberation.

The [Time] Demon Lord then brushed Fel’s head with his reassuring, fatherly hand.

“I see. Then, let’s return together. [Creation] Demon Lord, I forgive you. My daughter has said that she loves you and I of all people know what it feels like to lose someone you love. More than anything, every father only ever wishes for their daughter’s happiness.”

“You really will forgive me?”

“Under two conditions.”

The [Time] Demon Lord shot me a piercing gaze and then held up a finger.

“First, it would be horrible of me to tear Fel apart from the people she has gotten close to. And so, from time to time, allow her to visit this place. Kuina, I believe you were called. It seems like you have been like an older sister to Fel; I leave her in your care.”

“Leave it to Kuina! Kuina’ll shower Fel with love!”

The [Time] Demon Lord glanced at Kuina and thanked her.

“For the second one... I’ll be clear here: I’m offended. I was trying to act cool

earlier but, what the hell? You've told me that your feelings for Marcho weren't anything like romantic love and yet you've seduced her. Sure, it might have been necessary to convince her to accept [Rebirth] but... fuck off! Don't screw with me! And then, on top of all that, you go and lay your hands on Fel. Are you mad!? Do you even understand how a man who has both a daughter and someone he yearns for feels right now!? This is the first time in my three hundred years of living that I've felt this aggravated."

"I am truly sorry"

Apologizing was all I could do.

To him, it must have felt like he was cuckolded twice.

"What aggravates me the most is that both Marcho and Fel are happy with you. They like you, they love you. So, if I kill you, those two that I love will be sad. And there is no way I'm going to deliberately do that... *Hah*, truly aggravating. And so, I've decided to just forget it all with alcohol. In other words, my second condition is that bottles of wine made out of golden apples be delivered to me weekly. I will make Fel go each week to pick up the wine. Do we have an agreement?"

"Are you really okay with this?"

"Don't misunderstand. I'm offering this for Marcho and Fel's sake."

"I'm really sorry."

"If you're truly sorry, then don't do it the first place. Also, if it helps you accept this, consider this a favor you owe me."

I agreed.

I owed him a large debt of gratitude which I should pay back someday.

At that point, his monsters began to cause an uproar.

"Chief, is this really alright?"

"...Teflare's respected as a big brother and meanwhile, though I am not disliked, I'm annoying? Such difference! Grandpa will correct this; grandpa will shower you with three times the sweets!"

The old man was totally off the subject.

“It’s fine. I’ve decided on this after seeing Fel’s resolve. Or is it that the two of you wish for her to be unhappy?”

“...got it, chief. But if that Demon Lord makes her cry, I swear I’m going to beat him to death.”

“More importantly, Fel-tan, eat these sweets. Here, you’ll see your grandpa is kinder and more handsome than that Demon Lord.”

It seemed to me that the [Time] Demon Lord’s monsters were willing to let me off the hook as well.

With that, I thought I could finally take a breath and relax but then I heard some Demon Lords saying some disturbing things.

“I just don’t know anymore. Is he someone who likes older women but pretends to be a lolicon or a lolicon that pretends to be otherwise... Is his taste that varied? Is there room for something in-between? I just can’t understand it anymore.”

“Stolas, is he really alright? I’m getting worried.”

“Procell is a fantastic Demon Lord^{Person}! It’s just that he’s a mothercon and a lolicon; he’s just fickle!”

“No, you see, that’s what’s getting me worried.”

[Wind] Demon Lord Stolas and [Dragon] Demon Lord Astaroth were conversing excitedly.

It’s better for me to not get involved.

Meanwhile, my monsters too were getting lively.

“Oto-san, if you want, you can do to Kuina what you did to Fel.”

“Mhm. We have to verify how safe it is. I don’t know if I’ll like having my bottom spanked but the responsibility of doing it does appeal to me.”

“Yeah, right? So, how about it?”

I could sense nothing but bad things.

Just what are these girls asking for?

But then...

“Pro~Cell~”

Marcho clung onto me.

“You’ve proposed to me and yet here I find out that you’re doing whatever you want. I guess I’ll have to educate you in the bedroom to not look at anyone other than me.”

Marcho whispered so in my ear. When I heard her say *in the bedroom*, multitudes of weird thoughts came to me one after another.

At that point, Kuina and Rorono approached.

“No! You can’t disrupt Oto-san’s day!”

“Mhm. The turn order on which we have it should be preserved.”

“Then, I guess I’ll just include myself on that turn order.”

Things were gradually getting out of hand. Thinking about the seeds I had sown and their consequences was giving me a headache.

And so, I decided to butt in and forcefully announce something.

“Everyone, it isn’t just food that I’ve prepared for you all today. We have plays we can watch, a hot spring to enjoy, and curios from all over the world to shop. I want you to enjoy everything Avalon has to offer. Now, let’s move on to the next one.”

Whether what I said had an effect on its own, the group was interested regardless.

There were various hurdles but, in the end, we finished the meal peacefully.

As they were, I believed it was fine to say they were enjoying my city, my Avalon.

As I thought of such things, I guided everyone to our next venue: the stage for a play.



We were having a marvelous time.

We watched a play, sipped some tea while taking a break, and shopped at Avalon's renowned shopping district. Of course, I took care of the expenses so that they could have as much fun as possible.

At the moment, we were relaxing ourselves at the hot spring which was reserved only for us. Due to the men and women bathing in separate areas, three male Demon Lords and one monster that looked like an old man were stuck together. *All thorns and no flowers.*

Kuina and the girls always took a bath with me but, for this instance, I had to convince them not to. It took all of my willpower to do so but thanks to the excellent water of the hot spring, the fatigue of both my body and mind were swept away.

Still, I'd rather be in the other area where many beautiful girls are.

"Dan, you're so mature now. Just the fact that you didn't kill this guy earlier surprised me."

"I am not my old self. It might only be a little but I've learn to sympathize with others... deep down though, I still want to kill him."

"I have nothing to say in my defense."

I felt smaller.

"Fuhahahaha, well, that's fair enough. Hey, Dan, you were really shrewd on getting those alcohol. Why don't we go drinking from time to time?"

"Okay, let's. We've wasted a great amount of our lifespan not being in each other's company so even if by just a little, I'd like to go back to what we were in the old days. Ast, even now, will you not want to extend your life?"

"Yeah, I don't. I've found a successor, after all. I plan to leave it all behind to Stolas. So, Procell, if you make that child cry, know that I'm going to go after you from beyond the grave."

"I'll keep that in mind."

When I replied so, the [Dragon] Demon Lord slapped my shoulder.

While being submerged in the water and being intoxicated by alcohol, I looked up and admired the stars and moon. Such marvelous things that surpasses everything else.

Thinking like so, I extended my hand as though to grab the moon.

After that, for some reason, we talked about dirty stuff. We might have been Demon Lords but we were still men. It was my first time to have an innocently perverted conversation and I enjoyed it quite a bit.

We continued to drink, humidity and all. Like that, we passed the time in an enjoyable way.



After the hot spring, we rested for a while and then headed to the gates of Avalon.

“Well, I’m heading back. Stolas, will you be staying here?”

“Yes. The day of my [War] is approaching so I’d like to hear various advice.”

“That’s good. He did manage to get a win against six old Demon Lords so I’m sure you’ll learn a lot.”

The [Dragon] Demon said such, rode his esteemed dragon, and then left.

“We’ll be going as well. I won’t say any further complaints about the matters on Marcho and Fel but I stand by what I declared earlier: I will not give up on Marcho. Someday, I will make her fall for me and take her away. Also, if you make Fel cry, remember that I will kill you.”

“I’ll keep those in mind.”

At the end of our farewell, the [Time] Demon Lord smiled.

And then, Fel who was beside him spoke as well.

“Master, Kuina, everyone, goodbye! We’ll see each other again so this isn’t really farewell!”

“Fel-chan, we’ll absolutely see each other again! Everyone will be waiting for your return!”

Kuina said so as she energetically waved her hand.

Both Fel and Kuina had tears flowing from their eyes. It was only a short time but the two had become close sisters.

And then, when the [Time] Demon Lord waved his hand, they vanished.

“Kuina, don’t get sad, okay?”

“Yeah, our time might have been limited, but I’m glad I have a new sister.”

Fel was good kid.

She has become more irreplaceable for Avalon than she could imagine.

“Let’s go back to the house”

Standing there forever wouldn’t help things one bit.

With all that, I have finished thanking all those that helped in rescuing Marcho.

Things from now on was a step toward a new endeavor.

And as the first step, I’m going to name Wight.

Chapter 9: Rorono's Reward

A lot of things happened but we have successfully finished the party.

The guests were able to get a taste of the charms of the Avalon I have built.

...I was also forgiven by the [Time] Demon Lord for the traitorous thing I did.

It was all thanks to his kindness. However, as he had suggested, I intended to pay back this debt of gratitude someday.

"That's pretty much it. Was it helpful? Did you learn anything from it?"

As of the moment, I was in a guest room telling Stolas about my experiences on war thus far.

It was required of us new Demon Lord to experience [War] at least once within the year.

I had already cleared such a requirement but Stolas was only about to experience her first one and thus requested that I give her some advice.

There were currently three people in the room: me, Stolas, and Rozelitte, the angel-type monster that Stolas lent to me.

"Yeah, thank you, Procell, it was very helpful."

Stolas said so and then stretched.

When she did so, my eyes were drawn into her unusually white nape.

She was currently wearing a silk pajama she bought here in Avalon. Its texture was great and it was undeniably a first-class item. She had tried it on and liked it so much that she bought duplicates.

"It was my pleasure."

When I said so, a Mythological Fox serving as a housekeeper brought in black tea.

"These are good tea leaves. It's very calming."

"It's actually my favorite. A lot of things can trouble a Demon Lord, after all. I'll prepare some for you as a gift."

“Thanks. Fufu, you’re so kind, Procell.”

It was the first time for us to make small talk and I felt strangely tensed.

“Well, this is the only way for me to return the favor I owe you, you see. I’d like you make you a happier, even if by only a little.”

When I was challenged into a [War] by three other Demon Lords, Stolas acted as my insurance and stood guard in my crystal room.

And at such a crucial time where I decided to go on a campaign to save Marcho, she lent me Rozelitte who was one of her [Monsters of the Covenant]—one of her trump cards—regardless of the risk of losing her should I fail.

“Hey, Procell, I...”

Stolas began saying something but then stopped.

To disguise the fact that she did so, she pretended to drink her black tea.

Looking at such a Stolas, Rozelitte shrugged her shoulders and sighed *my, my*.

“It’s because you’re so half-and-half that Procell-sama is snatched away by someone else. Now, go all out, push him down, and be one with him.”

“Pfft, w-w-whatever are you talking about?”

With a red face, Stolas sprayed out her black tea and said so.

“This is what I’m talking about, master. Well, it is cute as well though.”

The two acted totally like sisters.

When I thought so, I unconsciously let out a slight smile.

“Rozelittle, this is goodbye. Our time might have been short but it was fun.”

“I should be the one saying that; I’ve learned a lot. I’ve actually been taking some lessons from Wight-san and I intend to use my newly acquired knowledge to make Stolas-sama even more powerful.”

She sure is shrewd and dependable. As long as she’s around, Stolas should be fine.

While thinking so, I did the procedures for transferring monsters and then extended my hand toward Stolas. Upon Stolas grabbing it, the transfer would

be complete and control over Rozelitte would be returned her.

Just like with Fel, I was about to part with Rozelitte as well.

“Procell, thank you for training Rozelitte. Though you might someday regret making your rival stronger.”

Not making the other person feel indebted to her was a good trait of hers.

“I’ll be careful not to let it come to that. I would like us to continue to be rivals, Stolas. Racing against one another to be a first-class Demon Lord and whatnot. I’d rather there be no bloodshed among us though.”

I wanted to avoid a fight to the death with her because win or lose, it would leave a bitter aftertaste in my mouth.

“Yeah, I’d also like us to compete against each other but without us killing each other. ...oh, I’ll grab your hand, now.”

Stolas and I had the same sentiments.

She then grabbed my extended hand and thus completed the transfer of Rozelitte back to her.

“Stolas-sama, I’m back.”

“Welcome back, Rozelitte.”

The two said so and then embraced.

Parting with Rozelitte might have been lonesome but, as one would expect, by Stolas’s side was where she belonged.

“Procell, I’m heading back to my room. I really enjoyed this day.”

“Oh my, Stolas-sama, you’re not going to sleep in Procell-sama’s room tonight?”

“It’s much too soon for that. Not that that will ever happen. Anyway, we’re going.”

“See you tomorrow, Procell-sama! You should make a move on Stolas-sama. She’s the ideal candidate to cure you of your weird fetishes in no time!”

“”That’s none of your business!””

Stolas and I both retorted so.

We aren't in that kind of relationship.

“Say, Procell, I was wondering, if you have the time, do you want to watch my [War]? There’s no way my fighting force would lose but your moral support would be appreciated.”

“Sure. I guess should watch you fight from your crystal room, just like you did in my war. But wouldn’t this put me in a very advantageous position? Being able to see for myself the scope of your fighting force and all.”

I returned to her the words she said to me back then so that I would not feel overly thankful.

Upon hearing it, she smiled wryly.

Aside from being head and shoulders above other new Demon Lords, Stolas was the bearer of an A rank medal. There was no way she would lose.

I could lend her one of my monsters to further secure victory but I knew her pride would not allow that. And so, it was my decision that I would just watch her fight and act only when her opponents were trying to do some foul play like mine did. To that end, I had preparations to do.



Stolas and Rozelitte left, leaving me alone in the room.

I was lying on the bed, totally exhausted. Exhausted not physically but mentally.

“Master, I’m coming in.”

“Yeah, enter.”

Rorono the Elder Dwarf asked so and then entered the room.

Each night, one of my [Monsters of the Covenant] slept with me. They had dubbed so their Father’s Day.

Of course, when I said they slept with me, I meant it in its literal meaning. I was not a lolicon and these girls were my daughters. *I don’t have any abnormal fetishes whatsoever.*

“My reward starts now. Until tomorrow evening, father would be together with just me. Also, from now until my reward ends, I’ll keep calling you father.”

Rorono said so and then gave her usual reserved smile. Upon seeing that smile, all my tiredness faded away.

“Understood. As promised, after we see Stolas off, the two of us are going outside.”

What Rorono asked for her reward was my time.

To be more specific, a full day spent only with her.

If I were to give Wight his name, I would lose my magic power for a long time. While in that state, going outside was not advisable and so, I had decided to grant Rorono’s reward first.

“Mhm, I’m looking forward to it.”

“That being said, are you really fine with a trip to that place?”

“Yes. Travelers have said that the blacksmithing techniques there are amazing.”

The destination of our trip was also decided by what she wanted.

Due to the fact that it was located at the foot of a mine and that materials were thus easy to get, it became a sacred place for master blacksmiths—and those wishing to become one—to further hone their craft.

“But even if you see for yourself the humans’ smithing techniques, I don’t believe there would be much benefit.”

“Humans indeed do have unrefined techniques but to make up for that, they try out all sorts of ideas. Sometimes they even stumble on a new approach. I’m quite excited for it.”

Even when going on a pleasure trip, she still thought about blacksmithing; she really did love it.

She was currently lying on the bed with me so I decided to hug her. Hugging my girls as though they were hug pillows were one of my greatest source of satisfaction. Their warm body temperature and fragrant scent simply erases the

fatigue in both my body and mind.

“Say, father,”

“What is it?”

“Why don’t you do to us what you did with Fel? Is it because you like Fel more?”

Upon hearing it, I unconsciously leaked out a weird voice.

I have to calm down and look good in front of my daughter.

“No, it’s not that, but rather, it’s because you girls are my daughters and I love you too much for that. Also, in the first place, I didn’t even mean to do what I did to Fel.”

“Mhm, okay. Then, between your daughters, your bride, and all other else, which would you say is the most important?”

“I think it’s you girls. There’s no one more important to me right now than you.”

After I said so, Rorono then buried her face in my chest.

“I’m relieved to hear that. Lately, Kuina has been worried, saying things like you’ll be stolen away from us and that you’re so charmed by Marchosias-sama and Fel that you’ll forget about us.”

“Kuina has been thinking those things? But there’s absolutely no way those’ll happen.”

“Unless you put it into words and actions, we had no way of knowing. In fact, when she said those things, I also became a little worried. For those reasons, make it up to us by showing us a lot of love.”

Rorono said so in a spoiled manner. In response, I brushed her head.

It was only until she said so to me that I was made aware of such things. Certainly, I had been spending less time with the girls compared to before so it was perfectly understandable for them to worry.

“Yeah, I will. Thanks for telling me about it.”

“Mhm. But while it’s fine to show your affection to Kuina via your actions, it

might be too soon to say it directly to her.”

“Why is that?”

“Kuina is under the impression that you love her the most because she was the strongest amongst us. However, now that Marchosias-sama—someone stronger than her—has appeared, that confidence of hers has crumbled. To regain it back, she’s undergoing special training that will benefit not only her but father as well. And I want to help her conquer her weakpoints.”

“Her weakpoints?”

“Mhm. If it was just her physical prowess and the amount of magic power, there’s no problem; my weapons can take advantage of those. But then, her forte is her flames and yet she almost never uses them. And so, I want to make her a weapon that’ll incorporate the use of her flames as well.”

It was indeed a waste for Kuina not to use her flames despite being a high-end flame user. If she could then make full use of her flames, she would probably become even stronger. So much so that she could perhaps even match Marcho.

“It’s supposed to be your time but all we’ve done is talk about Kuina.”

It was a little bit heartwarming. Even though Rorono didn’t often act like it in front of Kuina, Rorono really did look up to Kuina as her older sister.

“Yeah but whenever Kuina gets sad, I get sad as well. Well, enough of that. Father, about that special gun we talked about the other day, I’m quite curious about the amusing mechanism in it.”

“Oh, okay, I’ll use my [Creation] to make it before I name Wight.”

Naming one’s first three monsters—their [Monsters of the Covenant]—was different from naming the succeeding monsters. For the first three monsters, the monster and Demon Lord were bound by a connection that united them as one, thus making the procedure of naming cost almost none.

For the naming of the succeeding monsters, however, the Demon Lord would have to compensate for the lack of that special connection by one-sidedly expending an amount of magic power that far exceeded their own which then leaves them unable to recover any magic power for nearly a month.

Obviously, without any magic power, I would not be able to use my [Creation].

For all the risks it entailed, I was still more than happy to give Wight, who has always been supporting me, his name.

After that, Rorono and I talked about trivial things and then fell asleep.

Her small body and her warmth were very pleasant. *It seems like I can sleep well tonight.*



The next day, after we saw Stolas off, we began our stroll toward the city well-known to blacksmiths.

Rorono seemed like in a good mood, I noticed during the journey.

“Father, look at this sword. It has undergone a peculiar process when it was forged. I want to tinker with it. Oh, and the tanned hide used for the armor over there is pretty too.”

She said so as she praised the ingenuity of the humans.

Even if clothes and accessories were bought for her, she wouldn't be too ecstatic about it, but buy her weapons and armors that might look promising for her research and she would be over the moon.

“Let's buy it then. If it helps you improve your techniques in any way, then it's essential for Avalon.”

“Thank you, father!”

My [Monsters of the Covenant] each had different things that made them happy.

Kuina liked first and foremost food. Next to that, she liked cute clothes and accessories. However, because her body had grown recently, she could no longer wear her cute clothes and that obviously made her sad. *I'll go buy her a lot of cute clothes next time.*

For Rorono, she enjoyed peculiar weapons and armor. The keyword there was peculiar. If the equipment was deemed mundane, she would be displeased. The

next things she liked were ores, and then lastly, food.

As for Aura, she would be happy with pretty much anything but she loved getting girly things such as make-up.

At any rate, if shopping could make Rorono this happy, I would very much like to do as much shopping as she wanted.

After observing the town's blacksmiths, we enjoyed a meal at around dusk.

Carrying a large quantity of baggage, we returned to Avalon.

Rorono was very happy, and just seeing her face was very well worth the trip.



After arriving in Avalon, we enjoyed some sweets and tea.

Of course, it was still just the two of us.

Rorono happily talked about things. 70% of which were about the weapons under development; 20% were about Kuina and Aura; and about 10% were about her subordinates, the Dwarf Smiths.

She had a million other things to tell me when the alarm on the clock struck.

".....it's already time. It's regretful but my time alone with you, father, has ended."

Rorono said so in a somewhat sad manner.

In response, I brushed her head, almost unconsciously.

"Rorono, while it is true that your reward has ended, I enjoyed this day so I think we should do this again someday. I'll be sure to make some time for it."

When I said so, Rorono smiled.

I wanted to make time not just for Rorono, but for Kuina and Aura as well.

"Well then, I'm going to the lower dungeon floor. The time for Wight's naming is coming soon."

"I'll go too."

Rorono usually grabbed only my cuff or sleeve, but this time, she reached for my hand.

Some kind of change of heart?

At any rate, from then on was the naming of Wight in the lower dungeon floor.

For precaution's sake, I had informed my monsters that they were free to participate. Seeing as how popular Wight was, I was quite certain almost all of my monsters would show up.

I hope Wight likes the name I thought up.

While psyching myself up and thinking of so, Rorono and I headed toward the dungeon floor beneath Avalon.

Chapter 10: Wight's name

Rorono and I headed toward the dungeon floor under the ground so that I could give Wight his name.

Wight's name had already been decided. In fact, it was a name I long wanted to give him.

The venue for his naming was the graveyard area in the said underground dungeon floor. I had given out instructions to ready it before I left on the trip with Rorono, and those preparations should have already been finished by the time we arrived back.

After a while of walking, Rorono and I arrived at the venue.

"All of the monsters in Avalon are here, huh."

"It is Wight's event, after all. it's a given that everyone will come."

As Rorono had said, Wight was indeed well loved.

Upon our arrival, I noticed several things: the venue was decorated more than what I had ordered; there were more food brought in by volunteers; the Dwarf Smiths had built several structures; R'lyeh Diva and the Ocean Singers were performing their music and songs; Aura and the High Elves had made dishes using their prized fruits and vegetables; and Kuina and the Mythological Foxes were serving as waitresses.

Moreover, the Skeletons under Wight's direct command were busily moving about while the Darkness Dragons were posed majestically as though they were Hachiko, the faithful dog.

A crowd was formed and in center of it was Wight, shyly talking to the others.

Upon seeing him, I walked toward him.

"Wight, this commotion's as if we're in a festival, doesn't it?"

"Oh, it's you, my lord. I can't thank you enough for such a grand celebration."

"Don't misunderstand; this isn't my doing. My commands encompassed only the bare minimum of the preparations. Everything more than that is thanks to

everyone's volunteered efforts. So, don't thank me, thank everyone."

It was because it was the popular and well-loved Wight that my monsters exerted this much effort.

When I said so, Wight smiled.

"Is that so? Then, I will have to thank each of them later."

His courteousness and attentiveness were the reasons Wight was so well loved.

Wight was an excellent monster by himself, but his ability to gather and inspire the other monsters made him even more excellent.

It was because he was there to protect and manage Avalon in my absence that I was able to go on the trip with Rorono.

"Wight, congratulations on soon becoming a monster with a name. I have made this with all my best. I hope you accept it."

Rorono who had come along with me handed to Wight a prettily packaged, long and narrow box.

When can she have prepared such a thing? But at any rate, for my daughter to prepare a gift on her own accord... I'm really happy with her growth.

"To receive a masterpiece of Rorono-sama, a master blacksmith of the highest level, I am extremely delighted."

"Do not be so modest. You deserve at least this much. Wight, congratulations again. You are a monster worthy of being named. From now on, let's continue protecting master and making Avalon better."

"But of course. It is my very desire to support and to protect my lord, as well as to win against tribulations together with him. Rorono-sama, may I open this here?"

"Mhm."

When Rorono nodded, Wight opened the box.

What was inside was a beautiful necklace.

Its sophisticated chain was an alloy composed of orichalcum and mithril. It

also had a violet gem inserted into a golden pendant. The golden pendant wasn't gaudy, but rather, it was modest while still very capable of drawing out the charm of the violet gemstone.

"This... it's so beautiful. And, I sense very powerful magic power within it too."

When Rorono received her name and thus became one of my [Monsters of the Covenant], a new ability awakened within her.

That ability was the materialization of magic power. Each materialized item was infused with a single magic that she herself must be able to perform. It had limitations and needed ingenuity but with it, she could materialize items that don't exist in this world. The necklace she gave Wight was also made using this power of hers.

"It is a magic tool made using my power. Always keep it close to you because it will surely keep you safe."

"I will treasure it."

"If something ever happens to you, that child will surely be saddened. So, take good care of yourself."

By *that child*, she was most likely talking about the Dwarf Smith that was in a relationship with Wight.

After saying such things, Rorono turned around and left.

Following that, Kuina approached and then pressed large kebabs, which she seemed to have bought from the stores in Avalon, forward to Wight before saying: *here, eat these and grow stronger*.

The next one to approach was Aura. She gave Wight some special, multi-colored flowers that I had never seen before. *She must have done selective breeding on them using her magic*.

And then, one after the other, my monsters gave their congratulatory gifts to Wight. They must have taken Rorono's giving of the necklace as the signal to give their own gifts.

Coincidentally, when things began to settle down, the appointed time was near.

“Well then, Wight, let’s begin.”

“Certainly, my lord.”

Wight and I then climbed to an elevated stage that was built at the center of the venue.

All the eyes of my monsters were gathered on us. When I shot a glance at them from atop the stage, they understood that the naming was finally going to begin, ceased their conversations with one another, and then became quiet.

Right at that moment, R’lyeh Diva sent a signal to the Ocean Singers, making them change the music they were playing from a cheerful one into a majestic one.

With that, the scene was set. All that was left was for me to give Wight his name.

“Wight, thank you for all the support you’ve done thus far. The reason that I, an incompetent Demon Lord, continue to win is because I have you, an excellent chief of staff. I am very grateful to you.”

“I am unworthy of your thanks. I was able to do all I’ve done because of you, my lord. It might seem like I’m returning words you’ve said, but you’re the reason I was able to draw my full potential.”

The smooth talker that he was, Wight used the words I had said before against me.

“Wight, to reward you for your services and achievements, you shall henceforth have a name.”

I said so and then concentrated.

The moment I decided to begin the naming, I felt something in me becoming switched to on. I felt my magic power and my powers as a Demon Lord boil up within my body.

“The name I’m going to give you is... Duke.”

The moment I said his name, my magic power and my Demon Lord powers went into Wight as these black specks of light.

I felt I lost an outrageous amount of myself. So much so that I found it hard to even stand.

It got cold, or rather, I felt cold. I felt my strength continually being drained away.

I now understood what it truly meant to name a monster other than my [Monsters of the Covenant]. The stronger the one being named, the greater the toll. And Wight was a Black Dragon of Death Siegwurm, a special S rank monster, at that. The strength it consumed of me was unimaginable.

My knees were wobbling, but because I knew I must absolutely not fall at such an important event for Wight, I steeled myself instead.

I can't be a bother to him now of all times.

A moment later, the black lights stopped flowing. Finally, the naming process was complete. Wight was now officially Duke.

Forcing my unsteady body to stand by willpower alone, I looked directly at Duke.

With an intoxicated face, he looked at me as well and then nodded.

"Duke... That's my name."

"Yes, it is. From now on, you will no longer be called Wight. Instead, you shall be known as Duke. From here on, all of you shall refer to him as Duke."

When I addressed the audience, they began chanting his name: *Duke, Duke, Duke.*

Each time it was chanted, the more Duke grew triumphant and the more the reality of having a name sunk into him.

"Your name is a word from a lost language which means the highest seat of nobility next to the monarch. It was a noble with influence that could rival that of the monarch itself. In exchange for that power though, the position also offered duties and responsibilities that must be endured. And what I ask of you is to not only muster and organize my monsters, but to also be their role model. To be the most proper and ideal monster there is. Can you do that?"

"So long as my lord wills it, it will be done. I have and will continue to be until

thine body rots, by your side, my lord.”

Wight, now named Duke, pledged so while kneeling down.

As usual, his graceful conduct was worthy of a portrait.

“I’ll be expecting much from you, Duke. Much more than before now that you’re part of my top brass in both name and actuality.”

“Yes, my lord!”

Good reply.

With that, the naming was over.

My monsters clapped and congratulated Duke.

“Now, let’s get down from this stage. There are food and drinks waiting for us. It’s been a while since we shared a leisurely drink and I say today we do just that. Tell me of all the things going on with you recently.”

“My lord... would you not mind even if I talked about the woman I love?”

Upon hearing that, I had a vacant look on my face.

And then, I recalled that he was in a relationship with a Dwarf Smith and that Dwarf Smith was now pregnant.

“Yeah, talk about her as much as you want. Duke, you must do your best for your child, okay?”

“Yes, I want to be a father the child can be proud of.”

Duke said so and smiled. It wasn’t the usual smile he gave me, but rather, it was the gentle smile of a father thinking about his child.

“Alright, today, we drink!”

“To the last drop!”

Just like that, we drank the night away.

The alcohol was great, better tasting than usual.

I had finally named Duke and I strongly believed that we will be by each other’s side now more than ever.

The party continued until morning, full of non-stop laughter from my monsters.

Chapter 11: The Price for Naming

After having breakfast, I retreated back to my room and felt a little bit repentant. The reason for such is that I drank a bit too much the previous night.

After naming Duke, I partied with my monsters and drank the alcohol they brought. As a reward for their performance in the campaign to save Marcho, my monsters were given a considerably large bonus money. Due to that, they became somewhat generous in their spending which resulted to last night's drinking party.

That being said, we found the alcohol to still not be enough, so I used my own spending money and added more food and alcohol to the party.

"As expected, I really have no magic power, huh."

No matter how I tried, I could not produce any magic power.

Duke was a Black Dragon of Death, a special S rank monster, so the cost for naming him was staggeringly high. And so, as a result of the strain put on whichever part of me that produced magic power by the cost, I became unable to recover magic power.

Saying that my magic power would return in a month's time—as per my initial estimate—was still too optimistic. My assumption as of the moment was that at best, it would take me two months to recover, and at worst, well, I had no idea.

"I messed up. I was too naïve on gauging Duke's strength."

What Marcho once taught me before about naming was probably under the assumption that the monster to be named was an A rank monster. After all, normally, one would not consider a monster beyond A rank.

So, blaming Marcho for this miscalculation was just absurd. Rather, I should be thanking her.

Anyway, had I not drastically leveled up in the war against the humans and the war to save Marcho, I probably would have lost my life in naming Duke. Which got me wondering what more if it was Marcho I was going to name.

I do have one wish though.

As I was thinking of such things, I heard a knock.

“Enter”

“Master, your beloved Aura is here! To take care of whatever you want.”

With a bit of strange excitement in her, Aura the Ancient Elf entered the room. *Could she still be drunk?*

She looked somewhat more stylish than usual: her prized blond hair was glossy and her clothes were stimulating, giving emphasis to her chest.

“Aura, sorry to bother you before your work.”

“It’s not a bother at all. It’s the first time for master to say that the two of us are going to have something to talk behind closed doors, so I’m very much excited... or should I say, tensed”

Among my [Monsters of the Covenant], Aura was the only one that didn’t refer to me as father.

I had once before confirmed why and it was because she looked at me differently from Kuina or Rorono.

Regardless though, I still looked at her as my daughter.

“What I meant when I said I wanted us to talk privately was that I didn’t want the other monsters to know what we’re going to talk about. Anyway, are you aware that a Demon Lord temporarily loses their magic power and their Demon Lord powers when they name monsters other than their [Monsters of the Covenant]?”

“Yes, you’ve taught us so. I believe it would take a Demon Lord somewhere between half a month and a full month to recover.”

“Yeah, that’s what I thought, but apparently, Duke’s far stronger than what I anticipated. As things are, my recovery will take longer than anticipated, if at all.”

Aura’s face went pale.

It was bad enough for a Demon Lord to lose their strength temporarily, but

for them to lose it forever, it was fatal.

“.....then, why talk about it only to me?”

“When I ate a golden apple during breakfast, my body felt a tiny bit better. So, I was of the thought that you might have some medical knowledge about it. In other words, I’d like you to examine me. Also, I’d like you to look into whether the golden apples can be used for medical treatment for this condition.”

My [Monsters of the Covenant] and I ate golden apples every morning. After all, even in small amounts, eating an apple a day could improve not only our health but also our abilities, albeit only slightly.

At any rate, this morning, when I noticed a slight improvement in my condition, I invited Aura to meet after the meal.

“I see. Then, I’ll go take a look.”

Aura said so, got closer, pressed her forehead against mine, and then poured some of magic power into me.

She had the skill [Personification of the Planet], and thus, one of her strongpoints was the medical treatment using Qi or otherwise known as life energy.

“Yup, it’s bad. Your magic circuits are all messed up. Your magic reactor’s in tatters too; it won’t be able to produce any magic power. Actually, just standing up must be torture, right?”

“As expected of you, you got it all right.”

“Yeah, the other monsters must not know about this.”

Aura said so with a complicated expression on her face.

“If talk about my powers probably not returning spreads, the monsters will probably feel anxious. Moreover, Duke will blame himself for it. So, again, let’s agree on keeping this between us.”

“Understood. I won’t tell anyone. Now, time for an experiment. Eat this please.”

Aura said so and then thrust her hand into her cleavage so that she could

pull out a golden apple.

“What’s an apple doing there?”

“If it’s there, no one will be able to steal it. After all, golden apples have become our last lifeline.”

Aura said so while triumphantly puffing her ample chest out.

Needless to say, I felt extremely conflicted on eating the apple. Still though, that was no reason to waste a perfectly good golden apple.

And so, I took a bite. *It somehow smells like Aura.*

“How is it? Did you find something out?”

“I’ll do another examination.”

Aura pressed her forehead on mine once again, this time longer than before.

“Yeah, while it is only a little, I can definitely see an improvement.”

“Great. If that’s so, then it is possible to quicken my recovery.”

“I’m quite intrigued by this. I would like to pinpoint the active ingredients. If I know those things, I might be able to strengthen the effects.”

It’s exactly as she says.

Upon pondering for a bit, I nodded.

“Master, what is your work schedule for today?”

“I will be having a meeting with some merchants in the evening. Until then though, it’s just paperwork.”

“Then, let’s bring your desk and documents over to the orchard so that you can work there.”

“May I know the reason why?”

“A side benefit of mine, or rather, of the [First Tree], which bears the golden apples, is that golden life energy is overflowing around it. My hypothesis is that if you spent some time there, it may push you to the right direction.”

What she said made sense.

I was then reminded that Kohaku the Byakko recovered from being tormented by Duke's miasma by spending time around the [First Tree].

Besides, there was no particular issue in moving my place of work to that place.

My conclusion, therefore, was that if it could help, even by only a tiny bit, I should do it.

"Alright, I'll prepare right away. Go to work ahead of me."

"No? I mean, I can't let you carry the heavy desk and chair in that condition, master!"

She said so and then flashed a great smile.

I tried to turn down her offer but she insisted.

Due to that, I wound up letting her carry the heavy furniture. The shame of exposing a form I didn't want others to see—namely me casually walking empty handed while my daughter did the heavy lifting—was cancelled out by the sight of Aura looking so happy.



After the furniture and various other things were brought to the vicinity of the [First Tree]—which was located in the innermost part of Aura's apple orchard—I began working.

In the case of something so urgent that I needed to come back to my residence immediately, I had instructed the Mythological Foxes to come here and tell me.

"Indeed, this is a nice place."

This place overflowed with golden life energy, but more than that, this place made with her love, also overflowed with her care and kindness.

"Fumu, I am also pleased with this place."

The giant white cat, or rather, Kohaku the Byakko said so as he yawned.

He was a veteran warrior and reliable monster. If I were to consult with him, I could be sure to receive an insightful and adequate answer drawn from his long

years of experience.

However, in this place, he seemed to be just a gigantic cat. It was truly a relaxing atmosphere.

“Are you still acting as the *watch-tiger*?”

“Well, no. The task force led by Wight...by Duke, so long as they have information provided by the intelligence corps, they can go to the site in question and do their job. I might not look like it, but I’m an expert in covert operations. In my days off, I generally come here. This place is very calming, after all. So, in exchange for devouring any intruders, I get to take the most satisfying naps here. Hey, master, it seems you’re badly hurt inside. Well, you’re here so it’s fine. This place is effective those kinds of things too.”

As to be expected of him, he sensed I was in pain due to the naming.

“Yeah, I’ll be using this place too.”

With my desk and chair set up and with my documents at the ready, I began work.

As I made progress, I felt the mysterious calm this place gave to me.

Hmm, maybe even after I’ve fully recovered, for a change of pace, I’ll come work here a few times a week.

After some work, Aura came along. Unexpectedly, Kuina and Rorono were also brought along.

“Oto-san, we brought something good!”

“Kuina might have thought of it, but I was the one who made it.”

“Now, now. Rorono-chan, Kuina-chan, no fighting.”

What Kuina held in her hands was a big parasol.

After arriving, Rorono skillfully worked on my desk and made a connection point for the said parasol. When she attached the parasol and opened it, it blocked the sunlight and thus made me feel more at ease.

“I’m very grateful for this. I’ll be able to make better progress in my work.”

“Kuina is a master at napping, so Kuina knew something like this was

necessary!”

I see. When Kuina heard from Aura that I will be working here for some time, she asked Rorono to make this.

“Kuina, Rorono, thank you. Come here.”

When I said so, the two dashed toward me.

When I proceeded on brushing their heads, the two gave delighted smiles.

“Since everyone is here, let’s have a snack. The snacks for today are apple pies. I got the recipe from the apple pie we ate in the feast the other day! I made it with my best efforts but as to be expected, it’s nowhere as delicious as the apple pie from that day. However, thanks to the recipe, it’s still very delicious!”

“Woow, Kuina loves apple pies!”

“Aura’s sweets are very delicious. I’m glad I came here.”

The two, who were very fond of sweets, had drool at the corner of their mouths, so I wiped it off.

Kuina frankly gave her thanks while Rorono was shy and roundabout in doing so.

Like that, the High Elves who were in the middle of work joined us in what became snack time.

As Aura said, her apple pies were indeed inferior to the ones from the other day, but it was nonetheless plenty enough delicious.

I’ll ask her to make it again.



After snack time was over, everyone except for Aura and Kohaku left.

Kohaku had already seen through my condition so I figured there would be no problem even if he stayed.

“Well then, master, let’s begin. I took a guess on which active ingredients might be effective in your recovery and made 6 enhanced potions. Now, let’s test which is the most effective one by one.”

I nodded to what Aura said and did as was instructed.

Each and every one of the potion she gave me was purposefully made sweet using flavoring, making them easy to intake.

After each potion, she pressed her forehead against mine and checked for any change in my body. And then, after confirming each result, she wrote it down.

When we were finished with all six, she reviewed her memo, took two potions from the six, mixed the said two in a 3:1 ratio, added in a few other medicines, and then performed some kind of magic.

“Master, I’ve finished identifying the most useful active ingredients. I combined the two most effective ones, and then, to make it more potent, added in some auxiliary medicines and did some magic.”

Aura explained what she did and then handed over a bottle full of potion.

“If I drink this, will I recover my magic power faster?”

“It remains to be seen, but by my estimate, if you spend time in this place, drink that potion daily, and receive treatment magic from me, then I expect you to recover in about 8 days.”

As to be expected of an Ancient Elf, my recovery time was now shorter than what I initially expected.

“Thank you. You’re a lifesaver.”

“Yes, but, please do be careful of the amount you intake. To make the potion as potent as possible, I’ve made it so strong that it’s just a step away from being poison. Please strictly stick to this dosage: three of that bottle’s cap’s worth of potion every 8 hours. If you miss even one dose of it, your recovery will be delayed, but take too much and your life will be at risk.”

“Yeah, I’ll be careful.”

“Please, really do. And then, after that, I think it would be best for you to stay here as much as possible. You should sleep here even. I’ll ask Rorono to make a tent.”

“We’re going that far?”

I was not fond of putting too much effort for so negligible gain.

“The time one spends sleeping is not insignificant, right? So, of course it’s better to put that time into speeding up the recovery instead.”

When she puts it that way, then yeah.

I sleep for about 6 hours every day. Not putting those 6 hours toward recovery was inefficient.

“Fufu. Hey, master. Today’s my turn at *Oto-san’s day*. If we spend the night here, even if you scream, no one will come.”

“...What are you playing at?”

“We can do it.”

She smiled and then immediately answered so.

Aura liked to joke about such things even though in the inside, she was a very shy person and would be unable to do those things.

“You know I don’t like that kind of joke.”

“Fufu, I’ve been found out. Anyway, I’ll contact Rorono right away and ask her to build the tent!”

She said so and then left like the wind.

While smiling wryly at her, I sent her off.

Even so...

“For me to recover in just 8 days, that is definitely good news. I’m so glad that I have Aura.”

It seemed like my magic power and my Demon Lord powers—which included [Storage] and [Demon Lord Book]—would return much sooner. Just to have my Demon Lord powers in time for me to spectate in Stolas’s [War] was reassuring.

Kuina doesn’t like to be put into my [Storage], but other than her, everybody else will comply. I’ll put some monsters into my [Storage] and bring them along as insurance.

As I thought of such things, a blue bird flew toward me. Tied in its ankle were

letters.

This blue bird carried letters not between humans but between Demon Lords.

This time, the blue bird had two letters. I grabbed those letters and read them. One was from Stolas, giving me details on her [War].

As for the other one...

“.....for it to coincide with me losing my magic power, it’s too suspicious.”

When I read the second letter, my face became stiff. Needless to say, I was not a fan of its contents. At the same time though, it was something I could not ignore.

The sender of the letter was the one that tried to make Marcho fall: the [Black] Demon Lord. According to his letter, he wanted the two us, and only us, to meet.

As for how he sent it, he probably intercepted the blue bird as it carried the letter from Stolas and then attached his own.

It was as though he was challenging me. *Well, I’ll bite.*

Chapter 12: The Two Traps and The Airship

A letter from the [Black] Demon Lord had arrived.

The letter talked about two main points.

First was that he wanted me to come to a meeting of just the two of us 10 days later at a specified place.

The second was that in the case I refused to meet or in the case that I told anyone that he made contact with me, [Wind] Demon Lord Stolas's dungeon would be attacked.

At this point, I assumed a few things.

One was that the other party had always been waiting for me to lose my magic power. Another thing that I assumed was that somehow or another, information was leaking to them.

R'lyeh Diva, who headed our intelligence corps, had not reported anything, so it might be safe to assume that the information leaking wasn't due to an enemy monster hiding in another dimension. Needless to say, an investigation was necessary.

My lead as of the moment was in the letter. Namely, the specified date of 10 days later.

Originally, when an A rank monster has been named, the Demon Lord to do so would lose their magic power for half a month*. However, thanks to Aura, my recovery period—which was supposed to be longer than normal since Duke was an S rank monster—was shortened to 8 days.

Now, knowledge of my recovery period becoming shorter was limited to just myself and Aura. If this piece of information was to leak to the enemy, the date of the meeting would no doubt be changed. Put in another way, if the date hasn't been changed, that information still hasn't been leaked.

If we could compare the patterns where information was leaked and where it wasn't, the investigation would become easier.

At the very least, I could rule out that there is a spy in my immediate surroundings.

“And can the reason he can hold Stolas hostage is because he has those artificial heroes...?”

Originally, unless an old Demon Lord could reason out that they received some kind attack from a new Demon Lord, they were not permitted to attack the latter.

Among the monsters that we killed in the campaign to save Marcho, perhaps, some were monsters of his, and if so, he could justify attacking me. However, that reason shouldn't be applicable to attacking Stolas.

But then again, the [Black] Demon Lord had a way to be exempt from this rule: his artificial heroes.

These artificial heroes were undeniably humans. They were theoretically stronger than an average A rank monster, but humans nonetheless.

Even though the [Dragon] Demon Lord had managed to destroy the training facility for them, there were still plenty of already-trained artificial heroes remaining. If the [Black] Demon Lord willed it, it was possible for Stolas's dungeon to fall.

That being said, if he thought that just that much fighting force was enough, he was looking down at us too much.

I can lend support to Stolas, after all.

Even though there was a recent decrease in my fighting force—the Avalon-Ritters were all destroyed in the Marcho campaign, and Fel and Rozelitte returned to their rightful masters—I had gained more than I lost.

After making Marcho my own monster, her whole army became under me.

As of the moment, her focus was on rebuilding her dungeon, so none of her monsters were in Avalon, but if I felt like it, I could dispatch her whole army to Stolas's dungeon.

“What is he thinking? Why is he challenging Marcho and me? He must know his remaining human army has no chance in winning against us. ...No, even if he

knows that Marcho survived, it doesn't necessarily mean that he's aware that she became my subordinate through [Rebirth]. Is that why he's making light of me?"

If that hypothesis was correct, then there was a 90% chance that his source of information were some humans in Avalon.

On regards to Duke receiving a name, my monsters were not forbidden whatsoever to talk about it. Even if my monsters talked about it when they were buying their congratulatory gifts as well as the food and alcohol for the party, to most humans, the term naming would not make much sense.

To the humans being used for intelligence gathering, however, if the order given to them was to report anything strange, the enemy side would definitely know of my condition.

"If he's using humans, then it stands to reason he doesn't know about Marcho."

It hasn't been long since Marcho came here, and my monsters shouldn't have what happened to her as their topic for conversation with the humans.

Following those patterns, since my monsters, other than Aura, didn't know that my recovery time had become shorter, the human spies would have no way of knowing it too.

"What an incredibly aggressive enemy. Threatening us right from the start. Looking down at us, to boot. I'm not inclined to negotiate with him, to say the least."

I wondered whether I could get along with someone who would threaten to harm Stolas, a good friend I owed a favor to.

At any rate, for the time being... just to be safe, I should make sure to keep the information about Marcho and about my recovery time, an absolute secret.

To defend against potential leakage of information, I thought that it was better to temporarily send Marcho back to her dungeon.

If I could make the [Black] Demon Lord remain unaware about those two pieces of information, there was a chance he could make a fatal mistake.

All that said, it was foolish to act solely on optimistic assumptions.

While I hope I'm right, I should also plan for possible counter-measures in the case that I'm not.

To that end, one card in my deck was necessary: Rorono and her talents.

I'm going to ask too much of Rorono again... I'm getting too spoiled by her.



In the evening, after finishing my scheduled meeting with some merchants in my residence in Avalon, I headed toward the [First Tree]. While recovering, that place overflowing with golden life energy was where I was going to be living.

When I arrived, I saw Rorono and something that wasn't there when I left.

"Is this... the tent?"

I involuntarily spoke such oafish words.

In order for me to live in apple orchard, Aura asked Rorono to build me a tent. However, what I saw before me was more than what I imagined.

"I didn't have time to build one from scratch, so I brought a prototype carriage."

"That thing I mentioned... you really went ahead made *that*?"

"Only until halfway through. I became busy and had to leave it alone, but today, I did my best to finish it at least this much."

Some time ago, I had the idea of someday going on a long trip using a carriage, so I asked Rorono to make one.

The carriage before me was twice as large as an ordinary carriage. Furthermore, it was made of a lightweight mithril alloy.

The ones to pull it weren't the Silver Golems often seen in Avalon, but rather Mithril Golems. Compared to horses, golems had far greater pulling power. So, with them, weight was not as much of a concern. And since that was so, Rorono then had more leeway on designing the carriage.

That being said, considering that we would be the ones to use it, Rorono prioritized ensuring our safety first—by improving its defensive and offensive

capabilities—before thinking about comfort.

“If it’s this, I’m certain master will be able to have a relaxing time. Moreover, I’ve also incorporated some parts that were made by my [Materialization]. For example, the gravity reduction feature used in the [Mechanical Warmaiden] helps reduce the weight of the whole thing. If you wanted, we can make the Darkness Dragons be the ones to pull it, thus making it into essentially an airship. I am proud of my work.”

Rorono said so with a proud face.

She then got closer and looked up to my face.

Always wanting to be spoiled.

“Thank you. I’ll be able to have a relaxed time here more than in any tent.”

I did as she wanted and brushed her head. When I did so, she smiled.

To say she overdid it would probably be boorish of me. After all, it would prove itself useful when we do go on a vacation via air travel someday.

“May I go in?”

“Mhm. It also has all the necessary furniture, so you can live here right away.”

And so, I went inside the carriage together with Rorono.

Upon entry, I noticed that the inside greatly resembled my bedroom. The difference was that this one was made under the premise that it would be inhabited by multiple people at once.

In addition, there were also such things as a shower room and a kitchenette, among others, inside.

It was luxurious beyond any ordinary carriage.

As Rorono said, it was already filled with all sorts of furniture. Aside from the spares for my residence, there were also new ones made by Rorono as well as ones recently bought in Avalon.

When I looked at the bed, I saw a fluffy fox tail jutting out of the bed’s sheet.

“Kuina, you were here too?”

“Yeah ♪! It’s hot spring time, so Kuina came along too!”

After revealing herself, Kuina jumped toward me and gave me a hug.

When I looked at her, she was in tatters. There shouldn’t have been any enemy in the [Crimson Cavern] that could drive Kuina that far, so I guessed that she was doing her best in some kind of special training.

While thinking so, I was snuggling against Kuina’s tail. But then, I wondered what Kuina meant by hot spring time.

“Ah, master, it looks like your meeting has ended, huh. Then, let’s go to the hot spring!”

The one to say so was Aura who appeared from an inner room.

She smelled like medicine, so I figured she was making some potions using the facilities that were on this carriage.

If there’s even a kitchen, I guess it’s not so surprising for this thing to have a potion making facility too.

“...I’m fine with going to the hot spring, but care to explain why?”

When I asked so, Aura looked back and forth between Rorono, who was behind me, and Kuina.

Based on Aura’s hesitation to talk, I understood that going to the hot spring had something to do with my treatment and that she hasn’t told Kuina and Rorono of my condition. Perhaps, all she told them was that we were going to the hot spring simply because it has been some time since we last went together.

“Aura, it’s alright; you can tell them. Also, Kuina, Rorono, don’t say a word to anyone about what you’re going to hear. It has to remain a secret between us four.”

Had there been no prospect of recovery, I wouldn’t tell even them, but now that there was, it was only proper to tell my [Monsters of the Covenant]—and later, Duke and Marcho—of my condition.

After all, their cooperation was absolutely necessary.

“Understood. Well, Rorono-chan, Kuina-chan, actually, when master gave Duke-san his name, master’s magic power circuit and magic power reactor were badly damaged... to the point he feared his magic power will never return. If it’s an ordinary monster, master’s magic power will return in about half a month’s* time, but Duke-san’s strength was just too much that it seemed hopeless for master’s magic power.”

“Oh no, that’s serious!”

Kuina exclaimed so while her fox tail straightened up and began to shiver.

“Mhm, it’s a pretty bad situation, but based on the way Aura and master are acting, it seems you have found a way to treat master. Is that right?”

Although Rorono looked paler compared to Kuina, she acted calmer.

Upon hearing Rorono’s accurate assumption, Aura nodded.

“Yes. I’ve realized that master can be healed by the powers of the golden apples, my own magic, and that of the life energy here in this orchard.”

Hearing that, Kuina, who had become teary-eyed, put a hand on her chest and then gave a sigh of relief.

As for Rorono, the colors on her face returned.

“As to be expected of you, Aura-chan! Marvelous! As a reward, Kuina’s fine with having her tail rubbed today!”

Kuina said so and then launched into a hug with Aura.

Gaining permission, Aura, hands trembling, then reached for Kuina’s fluffy tail.

The moment she grabbed hold of it, an ecstatic voice leaked out from her.

For Aura, someone who was a fanatic of cute and adorable girls, Kuna was the greatest target. However, even though Kuina liked hugging others, she was weak at being hugged herself and thus avoided it. It was to the point that she wouldn’t let anyone other than me touch her tail.

“Ooohhhh. Kuina-chan’s tail. So fluffy, so soft, and so warm. Such bliss! My hand’s being swallowed by the tail! Woahh.”

“Kuina... Kuina can take this...!”

Aura had a euphoric look on her face. And I couldn't blame her. After all, Kuina's tail was truly a nice thing. I myself was guilty of enjoying it on a daily basis.

“Going back on topic, the hot spring, whose source was something I and the High elves blessed, had healing properties itself. I admit that it might not be very monumental effects, but even so, I propose we all go there until master fully recovers!”

Still holding onto Kuina's tail, Aura continued speaking.

She's getting addicted to the tail's charms.

“Awesome, Aura-chan!”

“Mhm, good idea. From now on, I'll make time for our daily baths.”

My treatment and going into the hot spring together with everyone were different matters. It was not necessary for me to take a bath with them.

...that being said, if it would please them, I thought it was better to not be a wet blanket.

Besides, as their father, there was a need for me to confirm their growth. Kuina had undeniably grown, with her appearance becoming all at once similar to that of a 16-year-old girl's. Rorono too surely have grown, even if by only a little. And while I couldn't really tell with her clothes on, I was fairly certain that Aura had grown as well.

“Well now, let's go right away!”

“Yay ♪”

“Mhm”

“I'll prepared apple juice and ice!”

Each then began to rummage through their belongings that were in the carriage's shelves.

“You've already brought in your belongings here?”

“Anywhere Oto-san lives is Kuina's home.”

“Naturally.”

“We all belong together!”

They were really all in on moving here.

Not that I was complaining. After all, I preferred living here with everyone than living by myself.

Also, I made a mental note to later tell Marcho, who was living in a different residence, that I would living here for a while.



Time passed and I continued to have daily baths in the hot spring with my daughters.

On the second day, I went in with Marcho. While hiding what the [Black] Demon Lord told me in his letter, I asked Marcho for strategies against him. I also asked Marcho to return to her dungeon for the time being. Considering that it was her, she would have been able to figure what was going on even if I didn't tell her anything.

When she was about to leave, she told me—almost ordered me—to not cheat on her. Not that she had to worry about me doing something like that.

In other news, on the fifth day, even though my magic power still hasn't returned, thanks to Aura's efforts, the ability to use many of my Demon Lord powers have returned to me.

As of yet, the [Black] Demon Lord still hasn't done anything.

It was very likely that he still wasn't aware of my sped-up recovery or of the nature of Marcho's rebirth.

At any rate, this day, I was set to depart.

I had already chosen the best members for this campaign and put them in my [Storage].

“Well then, I'll be going now.”

“Take care, Oto-san!”

While Kuina was sending me off, I left Avalon. Picking me up in the [Plains]

dungeon room was a high-ranking Griffon.

Today was the day I was going to spectate over [Wind] Demon Lord Stolas's war.

Originally, my role was to be a mere spectator, but considering that there was no guarantee the [Black] Demon Lord would stay out of this [War]—it was possible he would loan some of his forces to Stolas's opponent—I might be forced to do something more.

Even though I did as he asked and have not told anyone of the meeting that was set to take place four days later, I was not naïve enough to think he would refrain from doing anything to Stolas.

And so, while desperately hoping my countless preparations were for nothing, I rode the monster that Stolas sent. And then, while feeling grateful to Aura's treatment, to Rorono's tenacity, and to Marcho's cooperation, I took off.

Now, let my preliminary skirmish with the [Black] Demon Lord begin!

*TLN: In this chapter, the raw says that it takes a full month—instead of just half a month—for a Demon Lord to recover after naming an A rank monster. I checked the LN and by [Volume 4 chapter 4](#), it still says half a month. Considering the LN is generally the more polished work, I'm going with that. Either way, the math involved still works out.

Chapter 13: Stolas's [War]

I rode on the monster Stolas sent to pick me up and headed to her dungeon.

The monster she sent was a high-ranking griffon.

If I was as my previous self, I wouldn't have been able to see the stats of a high-rank monster belonging to another Demon Lord. However, as I was at the moment, thanks to the drastic level ups I had in the Marcho rescue campaign, I was sure I could see the stats of up to A rank monsters.

Race: Storm Griffon

B rank

Level: 58

Physical Strength: B

Endurance: B

Agility: A

Magic: D

Luck: D

Special: D

Skills:

Overseer of Wind

Herculean Strength

One who conquers the storm

High-speed Flight

The Storm Griffon was a monster with excellent close-range capabilities as well as excellent flight performance.

It seemed to me to be quite easy to use.

Unsurprisingly, because it was a high-ranking griffon, perhaps its best feature

was that it was comfortable to ride.

If it was in terms of speed alone, the Darkness Dragons in charge of Avalon's airways could match the Storm Griffon, but in terms of comfortability, it could not. As a means of transportation, this was the better one.

While I thought of such, I travelled in the sky.

For today, I travelled alone. It has been some time since I went outside without any monsters attending to me. To be honest, it was a bit lonely.

That being said, through my [Storage], I had insurances prepared.



After a while, I arrived in her dungeon.

As ever, her dungeon was an orthodox one. Her aesthetic sense was on display at the front of her dungeon.

Still riding on the griffon, I was led deeper into the dungeon. After some time, I arrived not at her crystal room but at a guest room she had prepared.

The room was calming and beautiful. It was a room that was undoubtedly hers.

"Procell, you came."

Stolas smiled and said so.

"Of course. I promised, didn't I? besides, it's a friend's big event; I want to be of help."

"Fufu. That encouragement is just like you. I guess I'll have to do my best then."

I'm glad she's pleased.

At any rate, there was another person in the room I had to greet: the [Dragon] Demon Lord.

"It's been a while, [Dragon] Demon Lord Astaroth-sama."

"Yes, though I didn't expect for us to meet again so soon."

"I came here today support Stolas."

“Hmm, what a fine bond you two share. As for myself, I came here to give her encouragement. Unlike you, I have to return before the [War] begins.”

Such protectiveness. There aren't a lot of parents that love their child that much.

“Procell, I leave Stolas in your care.”

He said so and then shot me a meaningful glance.

It was just my guess but I thought that he was perhaps aware of the [Black] Demon Lord's actions.

It's not so unbelievable for him to know even if I don't say anything as he should have eyes and ears everywhere.

“Yes, I'll take care of her. I will protect my friend.”

“A fine answer. It's nice to know someone will be there for her, given that I don't have much freedom to act at the moment.”

At present, the [Dragon] Demon Lord was at war with a coalition of nations.

By attacking the sacred city for the religion founded by the [Black] Demon Lord, Astaroth made enemies of the human nations.

While he might currently have the upper hand, the human beings' numbers and resources were also quite formidable, to the point that he would be too busy with them for a while.

“[Dragon] Demon Lord, if ever you need help, just say the word and I'll be there.”

“No need, no need. I am strong, after all. Plus, I already have a faction of reliable Demon Lords at my side.”

“Please forgive my presumptuousness.”

“No, I'm actually glad about your sentiments. However, rather than worry about me, worry about Stolas.”

I strongly nodded.

After all, right now, I'm the only one capable of helping her.

“Of course. She’s an important friend, after all. ...while I have the chance, let me give you the medal I promised.”

In exchange for helping me save Marcho, I promised the [Dragon] Demon Lord to give him my [Creation] medal. However, since a Demon Lord could only make a medal—through the use of [Discharge]— once a month, I wasn’t able to give him a medal back then. Now that a month’s time had passed since the last medal I made and now that my Demon Lord powers have returned to me even though my magic power has not, I could finally give him the promised medal.

“That’s the [Creation] medal? It’s a really good medal, isn’t it? Rather than give it to me, please hand it over to Stolas.”

“If that’s what you wish, then that’s what I’ll do.”

After my war with the three new Demon Lords, all old Demon Lords—the parent or not—were thereafter forbidden to give medals, DP, and monsters to us new Demon Lords.

If the [Dragon] Demon Lord accepted my medal, he would then be unable to give it to Stolas.

Thus, he instructed me to hand it directly to her.

“[Dragon] Demon Lord Astaroth-sama, that medal’s something you obtained from a deal with Procell. I do not have any right to take it.”

“You are correct, Stolas. However, know that a father wants to leave behind as much as possible to their child. And an S rank monster at that, even if it’s just one, would be something else. Stolas, I’m aware of your pride, but for the sake of profiting, there’s a need for you to learn to crush that pride of yours from time to time. That, and also to learn to be more accepting of your father’s love.”

[Dragon] Demon Lord Astaroth said so and then gave Stolas a gentle smile.

Stolas opened her mouth only to close it again. And then, with a look of determination in her eyes, she spoke.

“...thank you. Father.”

Stolas raised her head and was then patted there by the [Dragon] Demon Lord.

Their bond was dazzling.

“And so, if you please, Procell.”

“Understood. Stolas, please accept this.”

After being prompted, I handed over the [Creation] medal to Stolas.

“Thank you, Father. Thank you Procell. I’m going to use this medal wisely.”

Considering that it was her, I thought there was no chance that the medal which contained the sentiments of both myself and the [Dragon] Demon Lord would be wasted.

“Well then, I should going back. If all stays normal, there’s little chance you’ll lose, Stolas. On top of being talented, your conceit—your sole weakness—is gone after you met Procell. Other than him, there’s no one among the new Demon Lords who could beat you. ...That is, if no boorish fellow interferes.”

Accepting her flaws, Stolas looked straight into the [Dragon] Demon Lord’s eyes.

For them that much was enough; no other words were needed to be said.

With that, the [Dragon] Demon Lord left.



I was on standby in Stolas’s crystal room.

There, her crystal projected images of what was going on within her dungeon.

As I watched, I noticed that she had many [Wind]-type monsters that had the ability to fly. To make full use of such monsters, her dungeon was designed to have skies and difficult-to-traverse fields.

For monsters that couldn’t fly, her dungeon was extremely hard to attack. And since flying monsters were rather rare, for most Demon Lords, her dungeon could be said to be impregnable.

However, the other way around, when her forces were the ones to be attacking an enemy dungeon, how well she could do was dependent on whether the enemy dungeon had dungeon rooms that her flying monsters could advantage of.

“You’ve finished your preparations?”

“Yes, we’ve done everything we can.”

After a while, Stolas came to her crystal room.

As she said, it seemed her monsters were now all appropriately positioned within her dungeon.

“Procell, let me tell you of my strategy. First, I’m going to make copies of my monsters using [Omnipresence], and then have those copies take care of the offensive. Everyone else will be on standby within my dungeon and take care of its defense. If I can win with just the copies, great, but even if the copies get annihilated, it’s still fine. After all, other than thinning out the enemy, I would know of their composition and positions, the dungeon’s traps, and so on. And then, after looking at the situation, I can send out the strongest force I can take out of my dungeon and crush the enemy.”

“Yeah, I’ll do the same if I were in your shoes.”

Monsters lost in this [War] would never return.

For that reason, I was of the opinion that losing as few monsters as possible should be of the highest priority.

In that regard, her strategy was extremely effective.

With her [Omnipresence], she could create copies of all the monsters that were both under her control and were on the same dungeon room. Even though these copies were of a rank lower than the original, she would still be doubling her fighting force.

Most of all, since these copies were expendable, they were very helpful when it comes to planning strategies.

As Stolas explained, on top of providing her with information about enemy deployment, letting the copies be the ones to attack would also thin out the enemy forces without any risk.

“I’m glad you said that. The [War] will start in an hour, huh. Hey, Procell, can I ask for some kind of good luck charm to encourage me?”

Stolas smiled and then closed her eyes.

Knowing what she was expecting, I approached her.

“You’re so mean, Procell.”

...and kissed her in the forehead.

“You’re my important friend, Stolas. And, well, friends don’t do more than that.”

Stolas looked sad for a moment, but then smiled.

“I knew that. Well, I’ll be going now.”

“Are you pumped now?”

“Yes. I was disappointed with the kiss in the forehead, but more than that, I’m very happy. It’s weird; my heart’s beating so fast.”

She said so and then turned her back on me.

Her whole face was red, even her ears.

At that moment though, I carefully and stealthily—so that Stolas won’t notice—released a monster from my [Storage] and made it hide in her shadow.

The said monster was an espionage specialist that I borrowed from Marcho. Making it guard Stolas from her shadow was one of my measures.

According to Marcho, not only could it enter the other dimension through a shadow, it had stealth abilities for use even there. Furthermore, even though monsters with dimension manipulation abilities tended to have lower fight capabilities, this one was a fiend in the sense that it had top-notch solo fighting capabilities.

It was because of this monster that Marcho was able to defend the other dimension throughout the previous campaign.

“Good luck. I’ll be watching here.”

Stolas didn’t look back and instead kept walking. However, she did raise a finger, as though saying everything would be alright.

With her strategy, the copies would be fighting on the enemy’s dungeon while the originals would be fighting in hers.

If something were to happen to her, I would be able to know of it through her crystal and act accordingly. Also, so long as that monster was there, no matter what happens, it could stall for hopefully enough time.



I heard the Creator's voice within my head.

It seemed that even if one was not formally involved in the [War], so long as they were in the vicinity, they could hear the voice as well.

As for the participants, I suspect they were sent to that white space.

<<The [War] between [Wind] Demon Lord Stolas and [Blade] Demon Lord Sabnock is about to begin. The victory conditions for this war is either to make the enemy surrender or to destroy their crystal. ...and now, let it begin!>>

When the Creator said so, the war finally began.

Unlike my war, there was no time limit for this one.

Anyway, Stolas's enemy, the [Blade] Demon Lord, was a B rank Demon Lord. As such, it was highly unlikely for him to create A rank monsters.

The synthesis of A and B rank medals only had a 1/3 chance to produce an A rank monster. Even if the three medals his parent gave him in the time of his birth were all A rank, the most he could make were two A rank monsters.

It was also unlikely for him to obtain A rank medals through trading. After all, a Demon Lord who could only make B rank medals wouldn't easily be able to match the price for an A rank medal.

And so, a Demon Lord who could only make one or two A rank monsters wasn't a match for Stolas at all.

If there was to be a concern, it would be that monsters made out of the [Blade] medal were in a little bit of an advantage against [Wind] monsters. Inorganic-type monsters tended to have high defense while Stolas's monsters tended to have quick but rather weak attacks.

That being said, it wasn't enough of an advantage to make for the difference between their ranks.

I was watching the first dungeon room when ten monsters appeared.

“A rank, all of them!?”

That’s impossible.

Despite being shaken by the enemies, Stolas immediately ordered all her monsters in the first room to retreat. Afterwards, she suddenly took out a trump card from her [Storage]: the A rank Emerald Dragon that had the [Berserk] ability.

She must have come to the conclusion that anything less than this wouldn’t be enough to go against this group of A rank monsters.

The Emerald Dragon, a monster that could go against an average S rank monster due to its [Berserk] ability, raged like a storm and crushed the enemy monsters one after the other.

Even Kuina had a hard time fighting the Emerald Dragon; these guys won’t come out unscathed.

Another reason it could fight so well was that it was receiving proper support. Being strengthened like that, it then fired off a long-range attack.

Like this, she can win.

However...

“What, there’s more of them!?”

Another 10 A rank monsters appeared, turning the favor against Stolas. As strong as the Emerald Dragon was, there was no way it could win against 20 A rank enemies.

A few minutes later, the Emerald Dragon issued out a dying cry.

With that, Stolas placed the Emerald Dragon back into her [Storage], and then, together with her monsters that have already pulled out of the battlefield, escaped into the next dungeon room.

Fighting in such a situation would only uselessly exhaust their strength and numbers. In my opinion, it was the right call.

Where there should have been only one or two A rank monsters, there were

twenty. And that was just what I saw; there were definitely more.

The impossible has happened.

The [Blade] Demon Lord has assembled a force that his medal couldn't possibly produce.

Actually, of the twenty A rank monsters, none of them seemed to have qualities of a [Blade]-type monster.

"I don't know for certain if it's the [Black] Demon Lord, but there definitely is someone behind the scenes."

That was my conclusion.

If left as it was, Stolas would lose.

Given that this wasn't a fair [War] among two new Demon Lords anymore, I decided to intervene.

Moreover, I couldn't let a friend I owed so much die. Plus, if it was really the [Black] Demon Lord behind this, then it would be my fault that Stolas was in danger of losing.

She can't lose. I won't allow it.

"Now, let's see how well I can perform in my current condition."

My [Creation] ability was not available at the moment. In order to provide back up for Stolas, all I could rely on were the measures I had prepared beforehand and the monsters in my [Storage].

I won't let Stolas die here. I'll do everything I can.

From this point on, it was no longer just Stolas's [War], it was ours.

Chapter 14: The Cheering Roar of the [Dragon Emperor]

Stolas's [War] has begun.

Under normal circumstances, this would have been a sure win for Stolas.

Her opponent could only make B rank medals whereas she could make A rank ones; she clearly had the advantage.

However, right after the start of the [War], 10 A rank monsters appeared and attacked her dungeon, thus throwing her plans out of the window. To stop these enemies, she immediately brought out her Emerald Dragon, an A rank monster that had the [Berserk] ability.

For a time, her side regained dominance. But soon thereafter, another 10 A rank monsters appeared, turning the tides once again.

After putting her Emerald Dragon—which was teetering on the brink of death—back into her [Storage], Stolas retreated.

“It’s a good decision. To stand a chance against this much of a difference in war potential, she has to make full use of her geographical advantage.”

To make adventurers feel great when venturing into her dungeon, the early floors were made to be easy. They were what’s called the welcoming floors.

For that reason, Stolas intended to retreat to the dungeon rooms where her monsters could make full use of their abilities and thus truly excel.

That being said, the enemy side’s war potential was so dangerous that just retreating was a gamble itself. Employing her and her monsters’ [Wind] powers, and even the traps she had set, she bought time for her forces to retreat.

I should contact Stolas as soon as possible.

Stolas—like all other Demon Lords through our Demon Lord powers—could grant to up to 10 monsters the ability to communicate with her within her own dungeon. However, it seemed like such a monster was not deployed here in the crystal room.

If that's the case, we'll just have to contact her ourselves.

Thinking that, I called out Aura and Duke from my [Storage].

“Phew, finally out. I guess it can be said that I have a dislike for [Storage]. Although time stops flowing for my body, it's not the same for my mind; I'm still fully aware. It makes me feel goosebumps.”

“I can't quite get used to this sensation.”

Aura and Duke said so after appearing.

“Sorry. I knew you didn't like being put in my [Storage], and yet I still asked you to.”

“Oh no, it's your request, master, so I don't really mind. Besides, if the child who dislikes it the most has steeled herself, I can't very well complain, now, can I?”

“For your sake, my lord, I'll happily jump into a pool of magma.”

Until the very last moments, that child was contemplating whether to stay or come and be put into my [Storage]. After waving her hand to send me off, she suddenly hopped on the griffon and said she was coming along after all.

To be honest, that bravery of hers made me happy.

“It's sudden, but I have a favor to ask you, Aura. Can you deliver a message to Stolas using your wind abilities?”

“Even though my wind can cross dimensions, sending sound is not possible; only the intent of the message is. However, that all depends on the receiver being able to perceive and understand the message in the wind.”

“It's fine then. She is the [Wind] Demon Lord, after all.”

Stolas was a wind expert. So long as it could reach her, things would work out.

“Oh, how silly of me. Now, she's my parent too, so I guess I should put in more effort.”

Her [Jade Eyes]—the world's strongest magic eye—sparkled. Soon thereafter, jade-colored wind blew.

Essentially, each dungeon room in a Demon Lord's dungeon was located in a

different dimension. And magic that could cross dungeon rooms was exceedingly rare. It was for that reason that I thought Rozelitte's telepathy was a cheat ability.

Also, even though I could make communication devices using my [Creation], since the radio waves wouldn't be able to cross dungeon rooms, its use was limited within one room.

"I can now send a message. Master, please tell me of the message you wish to send."

She said so as the jade-green wind violently flowed outward.

"There is definitely someone acting behind the scenes. I am prepared to help, and there is no need to hesitate to accept it; the enemies certainly are not hesitating to cooperate with one another."

If I assisted her, turning the situation around would be easy. A mere 10 or 20 A rank monsters would be nothing to worry about.

I could say that with confidence since the experience points my S rank monsters have gained from all the campaigns we've been in—from the war with the three Demon Lords to the campaign to rescue Marcho—have made them reach the levels they would have if they were born with a static level. To put it in another way, they have gained their original strength.

As they were, even an A rank monster with a progressive level would be a match for them.

"Understood. Attaching the intent into the wind and sending it."

The jade wind that can go anywhere—even across dimensions—blew.

"Aura, it's great that we can send a message, but how will the receiver reply?"

"I have made the wind circle back here. Stolas-sama should be able to put her own message into the wind... Oh, here it is! Give me a sec, I'll decipher it."

Aura said so and then closed her eyes.

In the meantime, I looked at the crystal. When I did so, I saw that although Stolas lost a few, her fighting force was able to come to the second dungeon room of her second floor.

That place was a ravine. It had narrow footholds where a tiny misstep could send one headfirst to death. It also had a seemingly endless blue sky. In other words, it was a very advantageous battleground for her monsters.

It was more than likely that she intended to engage the enemy forces there and reverse the tide of battle.

“Master, here is Stolas-sama’s message. I’m happy for your offer, but even though the enemy is being conniving, this is my [War]. I’m just going to have to try a little harder. I’m not as weak as you think I am.”

Her answer was utterly unexpected.

Amidst such grim circumstances, she still wanted to fight with her own strength.

“Pfft. Ahahaha. I see, how amusing. I guess I have been underestimating her. If that’s what she wants, I’ll stick to being moral support for a little while longer.”

Instead of bluffing, perhaps the reason she was saying such things was because she was still seeing a way to win.

“Aura, tell her this: Understood, I’ll keep on watching. However, I’ll do so from nearby.”

“Understood. Sending the message.”

Using the jade wind that was still flowing, Aura sent a new message.

I had no intention of wounding Stolas’s pride, but since there was a possibility of her enemy preparing something other than the large number of A rank monsters, it was more convenient to move to a nearer location where I could act quickly to help her.

“Aura, Duke, we’ll now be heading to where Stolas is. Make sure to not lose track of her location.”

Aura nodded when I said so.

Once we exit Stolas’s crystal room, we would no longer be able to rely on the crystal to know where Stolas was. In that regard, Aura and her wind would be our guide.

I then called out from my [Storage] the one I could rely on the most, and ordered her to protect the crystal.

With that, I don't have to worry about the crystal being crushed.

Without waiting for Stolas's reply, Aura and I set out to leave the crystal room to go and watch Stolas's marvelous performance from an excellent position.

As for Duke, however, he remained where he stood.

"What's wrong, Duke?"

"A young dragon is weeping. While cursing at its powerlessness, it desperately wishes to protect a person important to it. There is so much pain in its voice... along with earnestness and sincerity. Is it because I have leveled up and awoken as a [Dragon Emperor] that I could feel this connection even though we're separated by dungeon rooms? My chest, it feels so tight. It's the same feeling I had when I was held by my lord. I can't leave it alone. I'll send it a little of my dragon-form's support^{cheering roar}."

For a mere moment of time, Duke activated his [Berserk], and increased his magic power and draconic Qi until he was in his true form.

It was such a frightening amount of power. Even Aura had cold sweat flowing.

I didn't know what he did, but after returning to his dragonewt-form, he gave a satisfied-looking smile.

If he's choosing to not tell me anything, he must have a pretty good reason.

After that, we resumed our travel toward where Stolas was.

Chapter 15: Stolas's Fight

Stolas's point of view

It happened out of the blue. For the enemy side to have prepared that many A rank monsters, it was unimaginable.

If it was just the ten, the Emerald Dragon and some proper support would have won. However, before that could happen, something even more unexpected happened: another 10 A rank monsters appeared. Fighting them here was just going to uselessly increase her side's losses.

And so, with all their might, Stolas's monsters were enticing the enemy into a field that was advantageous to them.

"This is all my fault."

"No, it isn't. It's impossible to have predicted they will have that much of a fighting force."

Rozelitte the Rathgrith consoled Stolas. However, Stolas still felt listing her faults.

"Maybe it was impossible to know that there would be reinforcements, but my slow response after their arrival is inexcusable."

"There's nothing you could have done about that."

The moment Stolas thought victory was hers, she dropped her guard. That then caused her decision-making skills to be delayed.

"But there was something I could have done about it. And now, because of my delayed judgment of the situation, Emerald Dragon sustained a fatal wound. This after all that child did."

In all haste, Stolas put the Emerald Dragon into her [Storage] to prevent it from dying.

However, [Storage] would not heal a monster placed there; it would only prevent any change to their condition. In other words, once the Emerald was taken out of her Storage, it would soon die.

“Procell should have amazing potions on him. Whatever the price he names, I’m willing to pay.”

So long as it ended with that child not dying, Stolas was fine to part with anything.

To that end, she first needed to do something about their current situation.

“Rozelitte!”

“Yes, Stolas-sama!”

After replying so, Rozelitte’s body shined.

She was activating her ability that strengthened the whole army she was in.

It was timed to match her side’s barrage of magic against their pursuers. As unbelievably strong as her ability was, the toll on her magic power and constitution was intense. It was going to be a long fight and conserving as much of Rozelitte’s strength was vital. For that reason, it was best to activate it just a moment before the release of a big attack—in this case, the barrage of magic spells.

All that being said, that barrage was not enough to defeat the A rank monsters. But then again, it was just strong enough to delay them.

“Phobos, it seems we’re maintaining the path for those behind.”

“Of course, I, Phobos, am not your [Monster of the Covenant] for nothing.”

Phobos was a Pegasus, a B rank monster. As of the moment, he was flying in the lead and cutting through the air in front. This created a slipstream for those behind, enabling them to fly with less air resistance. Thanks to this, their side was able to advance quite quickly.

Combining their speed, the dungeon’s traps, and the counterattacks they did at every vital point, they were able retreat with the least possible damage. A magnificent feat, considering just escaping from a group of A rank monsters was a life-risking effort.

“Everyone, hold on just a bit more.”

However, they weren’t just retreating; they were also luring the enemies into

a field where they could win.

After a while, they finally reached their destination: the second dungeon room of the second floor. It was a [Ravine] type room with an endless blue sky and very narrow footholds.

After crossing the complicated ravine—the non-flying monsters taking a ride from the flying ones—Stolas's monsters headed toward an open area. Upon achieving some distance from their pursuers, the monsters turned around.

It was there that they were going to make their stand.

Right at that time though, a wind that was anything but ordinary wrapped around Stolas's body. Realizing that there was intent embedded into the wind, she decided to decipher it.

Upon doing so, Stolas broke into a smile.

"I see, Procell's worried. But even if the enemy's being conniving and doing something foul, I will still come out on top. I'll show him that I've grown as well."

In the message sent by Procell's subordinate, he told Stolas that he was willing to lend a hand. The fact that he was worried for her made her happy, but at the same time, it made her lonely. She wished he would believe in her more. She was his rival, after all. Not some helpless damsel in distress whose only purpose was to be protected.

Deciding to snap out of it, she came to the conclusion that if he didn't believe in her strength, she just had to fight until he did.

"They still show no hesitation, even in this field"

Even with the difficult and narrow footholds, the A rank monsters unsurprisingly charged on without any sign of cowardice.

"As expected."

Though monsters that could fly were rather rare, the enemy side had a few of them in the lead. Three of such monsters were A rank monsters: a peafowl with gigantic wings that had the 7 colors of the rainbow; a demon with four wings; and a moth monster that spread poisonous scales.

They were bold, but also too reckless. They brazenly charged in against all the [Wind]-type monsters gathered in this place.

As they neared, a rampaging tornado formed.

As strong as the A rank monsters were, against such a tornado made by several of Stolas's monsters, they were helpless. They were tossed around so much, they've lost their sense of direction, not even knowing which way was up or down. And then, one after the other, they were skewered by a spear.

"Skillful as always, Garuda."

"My utmost thanks."

Almost before Stolas knew it, a humanoid bird monster was there by her side. It had feathers and wings so red, it seemed like fire.

It was an A rank monster born from the combination of the [Beast] and the [Wind] medals. While having strong flying capabilities, it also had enough knowledge and intelligence to be dubbed a sage of the sky. And if those weren't enough, it also had extreme martial arts capabilities and could even control fire.

In its hands was the spear it used to skewer the reckless enemies.

It did so by reading and then riding the wind of the tornado rather than going against it. It also used fire explosion magic to give itself a boost. With all these, even if the enemies were A rank monsters, so long as they were within the tornado, it was impossible to evade or defend against the spear attacks.

The flying monsters in the lead were not the only ones under siege though. One by one, the monsters desperately traversing through the narrow footholds would suddenly vanish one moment and then reappear 2000 up in the sky the next moment. Never mind falling into the narrow footholds they previously were at, they were made to fall into the perhaps non-existent bottom of the ravine.

As such, the enemy ranks were thrown into chaos. They didn't even know how they were being attacked.

The one to do so was of course a monster of Stolas. While refracting light using the wind so that it could conceal itself, it waited for the approaching

enemy monsters. It would then grab an enemy monster by the ankle and then use [Transfer] to whisk them away.

When a location, either the destination or origin point, was outside of one's dungeon, [Transfer] could only be used through a pair of Transfer arrays. However, when both origin point and destination were within one's dungeon, such limitations didn't exist. If used to move an enemy far up in the sky, it could turn into a very deadly attack.

"You don't have to reply, but good work, Windy."

Just like Garuda, Windy was an A rank monster.

And, although it was only an A rank monster, it had the ultimate wind skill for monsters: the [Ruler of the Wind]. Additionally, it also had [Transfer]. Although its overall base stats were rather low, it had a high magic stat as well as excellent skills and spells. Depending on how those were to be employed, Windy could do fantastic work.

"See, Procell, I've grown too."

After losing in the [War] against Procell, Stolas strived to become even stronger.

Her ability to make calm decisions about the situation—how and when to use her monsters and traps—were clear evidence of her growth.

Additionally, her fighting force has also drastically increased. She has gained quite a few C and B rank monsters. As for A ranks, she has gained three new ones. In other words, aside from Windy and Garuda, there was one A rank she still hasn't revealed in this [War].

For her to be able to use that monster—as well as some of her traps—in the most appropriate of situations, she has decided to hold back on deploying it for the moment.

She believed that with the locational advantage and the proper deployment of her monsters, her side could prevail against 20 A rank monsters.

Suddenly though, the enemies' attacks and movements ceased.

In the next moment, a clapping sound could be heard.

“Gahahahaha. Splendid, splendid. You’ve done well. Though it’s all for nothing in the end!”

A man was then making his way through a group of monsters.

He was a big man that wore armor and had a sword hanging from his back. He also had cow-like horns.

“[Blade] Demon Lord, how confident of you to show yourself here so nonchalantly.”

“Why wouldn’t I be confident? After all... I have all this!”

When he snapped his fingers, over a hundred monsters appeared behind him. To make matters worse, most of them were of B rank which were considered to be elites by Demon Lords.

Even if one could make A rank monsters, the strongest they could buy with DP was the C rank of that monster’s lineage. In other words, except for those few that could make S rank monsters, B rank monsters could only be made by medals. And now, there were over a hundred of those rare and powerful monsters.

It was an impossible sight.

Stolas, despite becoming weak-kneed, smiled smugly so as to bluff.

“Is it fun to smooch off of your parent and then act big?”

“Huh? What are you talking about? This is my own power! I’ve crushed the [Oni] Demon Lord in a [War] and took that guy’s monsters, medal—you know what—I took everything away from him! It was a spectacle, I tell you. That guy didn’t want his monsters to disappear, so before I crushed the crystal, I made him transfer control of his monsters over to me. And, he gladly served them up!”

Realizations then dawned on Stolas.

One particular realization was on how her enemy had such extreme war potential.

An old Demon Lord would incur penalties for giving a new Demon Lord a monster. However, there was a surprising loophole to this. If a new Demon Lord

waged war against an old one and then another old Demon Lord teamed up with the young one, any monsters the new Demon Lord was going to gain would not cause any penalties to the supporting old Demon Lord.

One other realization Stolas had was that the [Blade] Demon Lord was an utter fool for exposing the scope of his power.

“I see. But don’t think that numbers alone can assure you victory.”

“I guess... but then again, I have the upper hand on not only quantity but also quality. Do you understand now? You cannot win. Now, Stolas, become my woman. If you do, I won’t kill you.”

Certain of his victory, the [Blade] Demon Lord spoke with fervor.

“And your cute monsters, would you rather have them disappear with your crystal when I break it? You know that your choice is clear. Join me, the soon-to-be strongest Demon Lord, and live a peaceful life.”

The [Blade] Demon Lord said so while he looked at Stolas as though he was undressing her with his eyes.

In a [War] between fellow new Demon Lords, his proposal was a charming one. Once one’s crystal was broken, their dungeon and the monsters under their control would be gone as well. But if control over the monsters were transferred beforehand, the monsters would be safe.

And even though they would receive a replacement for their broken crystals after the year has passed—when they were no longer considered newly born—the monsters lost would never return. If one could avoid that pain, it would make starting over easier.

Stolas, without any hint of fear, looked her opponent straight in the eye.

“I refuse. My heart already belongs to someone else. In the first place, there’s no way I’ll fall for a small fry that acts big using his borrowed power.”

Stolas said so and then made a mocking smile.

In response, the [Blade] Demon Lord’s blood boiled to dangerous levels.

“Fuck you! I’m going to annihilate all your monsters, line up their severed heads before you, and make you look at them as I violate you!”

After shouting so, he commanded his monsters to resume the attack.

Seeing his reaction, the corners of Stolas's lips slightly rose.

"If I don't do anything, we're screwed."

Her side did their best, but despite the locational advantage, the best utilization of her monsters' abilities, employment of different strategies, and all of their efforts, there was just too much of a difference in war potential.

Her monsters fell one after the other.

And then, the enemy monsters traversing the narrow paths finally reached the open area Stolas was in. Upon arrival, they raised a blood-curdling roar against her.

???’s point of view

I was violent and out of control.

Whenever I was summoned, I had this urge that I must destroy anything and everything I laid my eyes on. This urge, this black haze over my head made me think of nothing but destruction.

Even my ally monsters thought of me as unthinking and blinded by rage.

And they were right. That was who I am.

However, there were times that it hurt to be called incapable of thought and devoid of a heart. I wanted to tell them I did have those things.

Only that girl would talk to me. She would say that I was an important monster of hers and smile. Apparently, I was the very first monster she made using the medal she received from her beloved father.

She actually wanted to give me a name but decided to postpone it until she has gained enough experience to be able to at least control me. She promised me so and then apologized.

Even though I knew she was an ally, whenever she came near, I would rampage nonetheless. Still, rather than to lock me up, she gave me my own room. She talked to me multiple times. I wasn't able to show it but I was deeply thankful.

It was frustrating. I wanted to embrace her and to talk with her, but my body never moved according to the will of my heart.

All I could do was to rampage. However, by doing so, I have brought her some happiness before. In turn, that made me happy.

Rampaging was all I could do for her and yet I failed even at that. I was seriously wounded, but the pain of failing my one job troubled me more.

While staying where I was, her feelings reached me. She was crying. Crying for her dying monsters. *Someone's making her cry. Unforgivable. I have to fight.*

<<Let me out. I can still fight.>>

I knew my thoughts wouldn't reach her, but I still tried. I had to.

In the end, I, whose heart and body were not one, could do nothing.

"You have a good heart. Your sentiments rival those of mine for my lord. Allow me to meddle here."

A voice reached me. It was a powerful voice. An unknown voice.

And then, I realized it belonged to a [Dragon Emperor]. One whose voice was stronger than the black haze over my head. When I heard the voice, something warm flowed through my body and made it lighter. Perhaps now my body would finally listen to my heart, I thought.

Whoever you are, thank you. I can now flap my wings as my heart wills it.

"Young dragon, what do you want to be? What do you desire?"

That's a given. I want to protect her, the one person in the world that has been kind to me.

"I see, you want to become a knight that protects your mistress. Never forget those feelings of yours. If your feelings are strong enough, you'll surely become her knight. Now, fly, sir knight! Fly!"

I didn't know what the word *knight* meant, but I thought it had a nice ring to it.

After those words, I didn't hear the [Dragon Emperor]'s voice anymore.

I needed to get out where I was. Thankfully, I knew how. For the first time, my

body listened to my heart as I began to fly.

Don't cry anymore; I'll be there to help you.

Flew I did to get of this place and to get to her side.

Chapter 16: [Wind] Monsters

Stolas's point of view

The situation was worsening by the moment.

Stolas's fighting force was split into two main battlefronts: the one in the sky against the enemy flying monsters and the one on ground against the monsters that travelled through the path with narrow footholds.

The ones in the sky were doing well thanks to the low number of enemy flying monsters, the A rank monster Garuda's efforts, and the tornado made by several monsters. On the other hand, the ones against the enemies on the ground were in quite a bind.

"There's too many of them."

Stolas unconsciously voiced out her complaint.

A great factor in why the enemy in the ground haven't dominated that battlefield yet was the A rank monster Windy.

Windy, who had strong wind abilities and also Transfer, employed a tactic wherein it would conceal itself—by using wind magic to refract the light—then hide its presence, creep up to an enemy A rank monster, and then use Transfer to whisk the target away to a far-off sky. It was an effective and deadly move, but there were several limiting factors.

The downsides of using Transfer on an unwilling target were that the magic consumption was extreme and that there was a requirement that the skill user had to be in direct contact with the target. Additionally, Transfer could only be used on one target at a time.

Windy has already used Transfer 12 times. Any further use seemed uncertain.

"Windy, fall back and recover a bit of magic power."

Through the wind, Stolas relayed her command to her subordinate.

Windy replied that he would fight with his bare fist, but considering its combat proficiency outside of magic was rather low, it would just lead to a

pointless death.

If Windy could only use Transfer one more time, it would be better to reserve that one final use as a trump card.

“You have done enough. Leave the rest to us.”

With words of reluctance, Windy retreated. Having killed 12 A rank monsters, in Stolas’s opinion, Windy has already accomplished his part.

So far, in cooperation with other monsters, Garuda has killed 5 enemy A rank monsters.

Additionally, the Emerald Dragon had killed 3 A rank monsters earlier in the war.

All in all, their side has defeated 20 enemy A rank monsters.

“Everyone’s really giving it their best.”

What made them succeed so far were the excellent performance of both Garuda and Windy, the army-wide strengthening skill of Rozelitte, and the support of all the other monsters.

Windy was able to launch multiple surprise attacks thanks to the many eyes that provided him with the appropriate targets and the appropriate timing to attack. Occasionally, they also provided him useful diversions.

As for Garuda’s side of things, although the enemies were swept away by the tornado, had Rozelitte’s strengthening not provided enough stat boosts, the enemies would have surely and quickly got out of the tornado.

By combining their powers together, Stolas’s monsters were doing well despite the vast difference in numbers.

“Garuda!”, cried Stolas.

“Fret not. Battle continues.”

The red birdman Garuda was pierced by a spear. Even though he was coughing out blood, fighting spirit never left his eyes.

“I will be the one to kill this enemy commanderrrrrrrrrrr!”

A monster with the horn of an Oni and the wings of a bird broke through the

tornado and then pierced Garuda's belly while the latter was distracted with another monster.

The flying Oni then twisted its wrist which in turn twisted the spear in its hand, causing an awful amount of blood to spout from Garuda's belly.

"Defeat, I refuse"

Rather than try to pull out the spear, Garuda flapped his wings so that it could move toward the flying Oni and grab both of its wings. As he moved closer, the spear pierced deeper. The blood flowing out of him were increasing too, but miraculously, the weapon wasn't piercing through any vital organs. Like that, the two went into freefall, accelerating by each passing moment.

"Let go! Let go! If you're a warrior of honor, just die bravely!"

"Warrior of honor, nay. Guardian, aye."

The flying Oni struggled to break free but to no avail.

On the last second, Garuda skillfully changed their trajectory. Instead of crashing flat on the ground, he made it so that only his enemy's head would be hit by the cliff's edge. As a result, the flying Oni's consciousness faded and its grip on its spear loosened.

When the two of them were near the bottom of the ravine, Garuda released his still unconscious enemy, flipped over, and then rose higher. Afterwards, he threw his own spear at the enemy, aiming for its heart. It hit accurately and pierced deeply. To further ensure the kill, he dove down and did a dropkick on the firmly lodged spear. Needless to say, the flying Oni's heart was crushed and that it was then no more.

With no enemies nearby, he then pulled out the spear stuck in his belly. To stop the bleeding, he cauterized the wound with his own flames. After that, he went back to the battlefield in search for his next kill. Or so he tried. His balance was off and that caused him to fall.

Just like Windy, his constitution and magic power were at their limits.

"Garuda, you fall back too."

"Inadvisable. Holding frontlines, priority."

“But you can’t fight with that body!”

“A soldier, I am, ergo, undying, I am too. ...your encouragement, I crave.”

Garuda’s eyes were not those of someone dying.

Like that, the wounded birdman flew again.

Meanwhile, Stolas closed her fist so tight, blood was coming out.

As of the moment, should Garuda be out of commission, the battlefield in the sky would be completely lost.

Stolas knew that and therefore could not voice her concern as a [Command].

It pained her, but she had no other choice than to rely on his desperate efforts.

And so, the least she could do was do as he wanted and say to him *do your best*.



With Windy out of magic power, stopping the enemy monsters advancing on the ground became much, much harder.

Not only that, other bad news were happening one after the other.

“Rozelitte, blood’s—”

“It’s alright. I’m not *AT* my limit yet; I’m just nearing it.”

Rozelitte, the angel-type monster, said so with a ghastly pale face. ...And with blood running from her mouth.

Upon seeing that, Stolas surmised her circumstances: it was all too likely that Rozelitte used her army-wide strengthening ability to the limit.

Even though the battlefield that was the precipitous cliffs was very advantageous to the monsters of [Wind]—for one, they could bottleneck their enemies—the fact that their side was numerically inferior, specially in terms of A rank monsters, remained. The reason they could push back though was Rozelitte and her army-wide strengthening ability.

However, the burden on Rozelitte for using her ability was immense. Not only

that, she has been using it for an unprecedented amount of time. Needless to say, Rozelitte has went beyond her limits a while ago. Having exhausted her magic power, she was now burning up her life force as fuel to keep the ability going.

“That’s enough already, you can stop.”

“I’m sorry but I’d rather not. If I stop now, all our allies in the frontlines would be killed. This is where I must risk my life. ...and I only have to hold on a little longer, right?”

The enemies were soon approaching the place where their great trap was.

If they could activate that trap, the battle would become much easier.

“Rozelitte, I [Command] you, once we’ve activated the trap, cancel your ability. Until then, don’t die.”

Withholding her tears, Stolas gave that heartless order to her subordinate.

“With pleasure... my Demon Lord.”

Hearing the command given to her, Rozelitte wiped the blood in her mouth, smiled, and replied so.

After that, she activated her skill once more. Like a candle burning brightest before it goes out, her wings grew brighter than ever before.

While the monsters in the frontlines were inferior in ability, they fought bravely nonetheless. However, try as they might, they could not overcome the difference in strength and were thus forced to retreat. Being pushed back was no act but it was not all that was happening; they were also luring their enemies toward a certain open space.

If the battle was to continue in such a place, the enemy side would be able to make full use of their numbers and swarm Stolas’s side. Seeing that, the enemy side rushed forward.

...just what Stolas was waiting for.

“Masamune!”

“Okay, princess!”

Stolas and Masamune communicated via the wind.

After that, Masamune, a Kamaitachi-type monster, jumped down from a cliff.

Despite only being a B rank monster, due to him being one of Stolas's [Monsters of the Covenant] and due to Rozelitte's skill, he fought continuously in the frontmost lines.

At any rate, the wide, open space where the enemies were lured into was actually supported by disproportionately slender pillars. Any further damage to those pillars would cause them to break.

And so, Masamune targeted the pillars and fired off blades of wind that Kamaitachi were known for.

Upon destroying some of the pillars, the platform above became greatly inclined. As such, the [Blade] Demon Lord's monsters hurriedly tried to fall back, but a lot were already too far in to make it in time.

Those that didn't make it then fell to the bottom of the ravine which eyesight couldn't even reach. About 50 monsters perished, with some being A rank monsters.

In contrast, Stolas's monsters were calm.

The reason for that was because they were perfectly aware that such a thing was about to happen thanks to Rozelitte's telepathy, her other cheat ability. Due to that, they knew when Masamune was going to destroy the pillars and when to get out—via flying to the sky, escaping from the about-to-fall platform, or some other way.

“With this, things should get a lot easier.”

Stolas said so, relieved.

With the platform destroyed and nothing else to serve as foothold, the dungeon room's other end could no longer be reached by foot. In other words, the two Demon Lords' forces were separated.

Like so, Stolas's monster could rest even if for just a bit.

Even though enemy flying monsters could still cross the divide, their numbers were definitely small compared to the enemy ground troops. And thanks to

Garuda and after all that fighting, there were even less flying monsters than in the beginning of the fight.

“Thank goodness. If that went on, I really just might have left you behind, Stolas-sama.”

Rozelitte who was on standby nearby dropped down to the ground and said so.

Hearing that, Stolas wiped the blood from Rozelitte’s mouth.

“Don’t say such nonsense. Besides, we can’t let our guards down just yet.”

“Ahaha, that was a little harsh.”

It wasn’t impossible for the enemy to have some kind of unexpected counter-measure, so staying vigilant was important.

In that regard, Rozelitte who was too tired that she couldn’t stand up anymore insisted on staying in the battlefield instead of being put into [Storage], saying that she could still use her telepathy even when lying down. In the end, she was made to ride a lower rank Pegasus nearby.

A few minutes later, the enemies began to move.

The [Blade] Demon Lord was at the very front, followed by 10 A rank monsters, and then a hundred B rank monsters in the back. Throughout all the fighting, the enemy side should have suffered quite some damage and casualties, and yet it didn’t really feel like they’ve decreased at all.

“This is getting tiresome. Just how much of a fighting force does he have?”

Stolas said so with a stiff smile.

By her count, they should have already killed 23 A rank monsters and definitely more than 50 monsters of varying ranks. In exchange for killing all those enemies though, Windy has used up his magic power, Rozelitte and Garuda were on the verge of dying, and some monsters protecting the frontlines were lost.

If they were to face against such a horde of enemies head-on now, they wouldn’t have enough strength.

“[Wind] Demon Lord Stolas, you did well, didn’t you? I never thought I’d take this much damage”

The [Blade] Demon Lord spoke in a light tone and then laughed frivolously.

However, in an instant, the expression on his face changed.

“I’ll make you pay for whittling down my precious troops with your life!”

In a fit of rage, he loudly yelled so.

Next, a few of his own B rank monsters stood at the edge of the cliff and then made blades. These blades grew longer and longer until they were piercing the other side’s cliff.

Almost at the same time, A rank Oni monsters whose skins were made of earth appeared and produced vast amounts of earth. These materials then covered the long blades and hardened.

In other words, using blades as the core, the enemy side has made bridges.

Using that bridge, one after the other, the enemy monsters were making their way to the other side.

Meanwhile, Stolas desperately wracked her brain. At first, she wondered whether it was possible to ambush the approaching enemies with the strength they had left. However, if they did so with whatever plan, trick, or strategy, the fact of the matter was that they were too exhausted to make any difference. All that awaited them with such a move was certain death.

If that was so, then they had no other choice than to retreat. But then again, this ravine was the most advantageous spot for them. If they retreated to somewhere else, it was certain that they would have a harder time. In the end, she decided to worry about the consequences later. For now, she needed to buy time.

“Frontlines, retreat! Masamune, Phobos, and the third corps, come with me and protect the rear.”

Her priority was to let as much of her monsters escape.

To that end, she herself needed to fight. On top of Rozelitte being no longer able to use her strengthening skill, Stolas had no other A rank monsters that

could fight evenly against enemy A rank monsters. Thus, if she didn't help hold back the enemies, those enemies would just quickly—perhaps even instantly—catch up to the escaping monsters.

Moreover, she was aware that the [Blade] Demon Lord didn't want her to be killed right away; he wanted her to be captured first. That presented an opportunity for her since capturing someone alive was way harder than killing them.

Once all the other monsters have finished escaping, she was going to ride Phobos the Pegasus and escape with all haste. Even though Phobos was just a B rank monster, he had Godspeed; the enemies wouldn't be able to catch up to him.

"Geez, princess, are you mad? What are we good for if we let you become our shield?"

"It is because she's like this that we follow her from the bottom of our hearts."

"You got that right!"

Masamune and Phobos said such things and then laughed together.

And so, with Stolas on Phobos's back, she devoted herself on stalling their enemies.



She wore an armor of wind as she and her followers faced the [Blade] Demon Lord's monsters.

This armor wasn't just for protection, it was also for mobility. By unleashing an amount of compressed air depending on her movement, it would give her an incredible amount of speed boost.

Since she had three [Monsters of the Covenant] and were of a high level, Stolas's stats were much higher than that of a lower-end or even an average A rank monster. Furthermore, she had her highly versatile Unique Skill, [Wind], in her arsenal.

In terms of personal fighting strength, there was no mistake that Stolas was

one of the strongest Demon Lords.

Her first victims were some oxen Oni. Using her blades of wind, she sliced the enemies in half, completely disregarding the clubs the enemies used for defense.

Needless to say, Stolas's strength was extraordinary.

"None of you will pass"

Stolas strongly declared so. In reaction, the [Blade] Demon Lord's monsters flinched.

Stolas was way stronger than they anticipated.

However, as strong as she was, had their order been to just kill her, things would have been simple. Thanks to the stupid command that the [Blade] Demon Lord had given, Stolas was able to gain precious time for her monsters to escape.

As it stood, her troops only needed another minute to escape. *If things remain as uneventful as they are, we can somehow manage*, she thought.

...Alas, such a thought proved to be too optimistic.

She felt an impact to her temple.

It was an attack from long-range using some kind of large needle.

Normally, with her omnidirectional perception ability via the wind, she would have been able to react to such a surprise attack. However, the continuous mental strain, the sorrow for all her fallen monsters, and the fatigue of the non-stop thinking and strategizing had left her awfully exhausted. This, in turn, made her focus drop a few levels.

As a result of being struck by that attack, her consciousness grew dim and she fell to her knees.

She quickly realized that the needle was laced with some kind of paralyzing toxin.

When Rozelitte the angel-type monster became one of her [Monsters of the Covenant], Stolas gained the ability to use [Purification]. She could use that

ability to purge the toxin out of her body, but that would need about 30 seconds to take effect.

Unfortunately, 30 seconds were more than enough for the enemy monsters.

One solution was to have Masamune and Phobos help her, but they were too busy fighting other monsters at the moment.

Likening her to a ferocious beast turned docile, a huge, muscular, and blue Oni with a large grin on its face extended its hand toward Stolas.

“Is this the end?”

Tears welled up in her eyes.

If she got captured here, she would probably be subjected to torture worse than death. She was relatively fine with that though. What she wasn't fine with was knowing she failed to protect her precious monsters.

Right at the moment that the blue Oni's uncouth finger touched Stolas...

<<Don't cry; I will protect you.>>

Stolas suddenly heard a boy's voice in her mind.

At the same time, the Oni who reached for Stolas was torn to very tiny pieces by an infinite number of wind blades.

In the next moment, a large western dragon was there in front of Stolas.

It had countless wounds and was drenched in its own blood, and yet its jade scales still shined beautifully.

To save its princess, this young knight broke out of its cage—otherwise known as [Storage]—with its own will... and loudly roared at its enemies.

TL notes

1. I just realized this but Rozelitte's Strengthening ability was called Crusaders in the first volume but has a different name in the last volume. In the LN's first volume, it's still called Crusaders. Well, whatever.
2. A [Kamaitachi](#) can both refer to a weasel-like monster and to blades of wind(which legends say it produces). There's a line in the chapter which

says fired off blades of wind that Kamaitachi were known for. Basically, what the pun or whatever is trying to say is that a Kamaitachi monster is firing off a kamaitachi wind blade. However, without knowledge of this note, I imagine it would not make much sense for some so I decided to just keep it plain.

3. Also, in case you don't what an Oni is, [click here](#). I guess their distinct feature is their horn/s. Oni can be translated in english as ogre or demon, but I think that Oni are different enough to warrant their own classification.
 4. As for Garuda, he talks weirdly. He doesn't use particles in his speech and all the words he say are written in Kanji. The way I perceived it, it was kind of, I don't know, poetic or something. Imagine Kevin from The Office trying to shorten his sentences (*Me think, why waste time say lot word, few word do trick*) but then uses uncommon, deep words.
 5. Lastly, I used "he" for most monsters since using "it" was getting unwieldy.
-

Chapter 17: The [Wind] Knight Swoops Down

The Emerald Dragon, through his own will, broke out of Stolas's [Storage].

Originally, such a feat was impossible.

However, the [Storage] given by the Creator to the Demon Lords were designed to handle only average S rank monsters, at best. Considering that the Emerald Dragon was a higher-end A rank monster, had [Berserk] which improved its capabilities by a rank, and received a considerable power boost from [Dragon Emperor], his power levels were definitely, albeit only momentarily, exceeded that.

<<I will protect you>>

Ultimately, the Emerald Dragon's strong emotions was what made the impossible, possible.



The moment the Emerald Dragon got out of Stolas's [Storage], the brute that dared to lay a hand on her was reduced to bits.

Even though the brute was an A rank monster with excellent defense, for the Emerald Dragon who had both the power of [Berserk] and the power borrowed from [Dragon Emperor], crushing such an enemy was easy.

After that, he unleashed a [Wind] breath attack.

That attack was on par, if not stronger, than even the tornado that took several wind monsters to make. And it wasn't simply wind; it was a swirl of countless wind blades. Any enemy unlucky enough to be caught in the breath attack would be minced meat.

"Why did you come out with that tattered body of yours? You'll die."

Tears in her eyes, Stolas looked toward the Emerald Dragon who looked back at her.

She saw that for the first time, his jade-green eyes were filled with gentleness rather than madness.

She then gasped that other than gentleness, there were also affection and strong resolve in the dragon's eyes.

The Emerald Dragon then hid Stolas behind his back and roared.

As the dragon was situated in a narrow passageway, the only way through was through him. His roar was both a threat for his enemies and a message to escape for Stolas.

"Do you plan to die here?"

<<Go, I will fight them.>>

The Emerald Dragon didn't answer her question. For how could he when she was precisely on the mark?

Although his mind was now free from the shackles of [Berserk] and although he had obtained additional power from [Dragon Emperor], the fact that he had reached his limits a long time ago still remained.

His body was wounded all over and his magic power was almost depleted. All that remained was his sturdy body, as tattered as it was.

He knew from the start that he wouldn't be able to defeat all of their enemies, but in order to save Stolas, he intended to take down with him as many as he could. If he could save her by acting as a shield, death was a fine fate to him.

The enemy monsters who were blown away and yet managed to escape instant death returned, this time warier of the dragon than before. Due to that wariness, they and their allies maintained their distance before firing their attacks toward the Emerald Dragon.

Swords, spears, arrows, fire, water, earth, and whatever else poured down like heavy rain toward the Emerald Dragon.

Having insufficient magic power for another breath attack, the Emerald Dragon decided to instead use his remaining magic power for [Hardening].

His goal was to hold on until Stolas has made her escape.

And so, against such an attack, his scales burst open and his flesh was gouged. Yet, through it all, he didn't make a shriek as he didn't want to worry Stolas

even one tiny bit.

<<Why won't you run? Let me protect you.>>

The Emerald Dragon sent his thoughts to beg Stolas to leave. However, rather than escape, Stolas drew closer and touched the dragon's back with her small, cold, and shaking hand.

"Using my father's medal, you were the first monster I ever made. To escape by sacrificing you is something I cannot do. A long time ago, I've decided to name you. So, if you're going to be brave here... I've decided to be too."

With the countless attacks he had received, he wouldn't last a minute longer.

"Answer me: do you want to be reborn? To be reborn and protect me like this?"

Stolas spoke those words with resolve; she wasn't willing to lose the Emerald Dragon here like this.

With no second thoughts, the dragon answered.

<<Yes, I want to be reborn and be together with you more.>>

The Emerald Dragon had always wanted to be reborn into someone who could fly as they wished, someone that could stay by Stolas's side, someone that could protect her.

"Thank you... Phobos, Masamune! Buy us 30 seconds. That's an order."

Stolas strongly shouted so.

"Okay."

"Forget 30, we'll buy you 60."

Her two [Monsters of the Covenant] replied so.

After that...

"[Rebirth]"

Stolas closed her eyes and recited the word of power.

[Rebirth] was an ability she received as a prize during the [Evening Party] many months ago. Unlike Procell who won and thus received two, she received

only one use of this ability.

As for what it did, it could transform a willing target into a medal and have that medal be usable for [Synthesis].

Upon accepting that power, the Emerald Dragon's body broke down into golden particles of light which then gathered in Stolas's hand. Once all of the particles were gathered, they formed an A rank medal called [Emerald Dragon].

Since the Emerald Dragon disappeared, the enemy monsters were now able to attack Stolas who was behind the now-gone dragon.

Before they could reach her, however, Masamune the Kamaitachi and Phobos the Pegasus appeared, the former riding on the latter's back. Phobos picked up Stolas with his mouth and then jumped up, very narrowly avoiding the incoming attacks.

Meanwhile, Masamune helped Stolas get on Phobos's back.

"Phobos, they're giving chase."

"Understood. Lend me a hand, then."

While Phobos cut through the wall of air in front, Masamune produced wind in the back to accelerate them further.

Through the cooperation technique the two monsters did, they traveled at an extraordinary rate which then made them able to evade the magic attacks targeted at their backs.

However, the scenery ahead became distorted. This was most likely due to monsters that had the ability to lay traps.

In reaction to that, Phobos did a 90-degree turn.

A Pegasus was a monster could use not only its speed but also its agility as a weapon. For them, a 90-degree turn was doable, if not easy.

"After all the rampaging that dragon did, we don't deserve to be [Monsters of the Covenant] if we can't buy at least 30 seconds."

"I hear you. Let's do our best, brother."

Phobos and Masamune continued to evade the countless attacks pouring on

them like heavy rain. They have done so by expertly coordinating their actions. While Phobos made full use of his mobility, Masamune accurately accelerated or decelerated their speed using wind and deflected the attacks they couldn't avoid or take.

They were B rank monsters with static levels.

For being the [Monsters of the Covenant] of a Demon Lord like Stolas, they were relatively weak. Even without being told, they were perfectly and painfully aware of that.

However, rather than wallow on such fact, the two decided to do whatever they could. They constantly sought strength that couldn't be measured in numbers. They polished their individual strengths, and discovered ways they could work in coordination with each other.

Perhaps even an A rank monster wouldn't be able to avoid such a volley of attacks, but the two who didn't have high levels, high stats, or cheat skills did all that through their own hardships and abilities. Such a moment was the fruit of their sweat and blood.

As such, Stolas knew she couldn't waste the time the two were buying for her.

In her hand were three medals.

The first one was [Emerald Dragon] which was the medal the dragon turned into. Next was a medal bearing her own crest, the [Wind] medal. And the last was the one belonging to her rival, the [Creation] medal.

She then closed her hand into a fist, grasping the three medals within tightly.

"Procell, let me see the world that you see. Please, guide me and Emerald Dragon... [Synthesis]"

Light leaked from her hand.

It was a Synthesis beyond convention and that intense light proved it.

Like that, countless possibilities appeared and disappeared in Stolas's mind.

Her consciousness was then guided into a spirit world of sorts.

There, she met a jade-green dragon.

“All of this are your possible futures. It’s so astonishing. There’s really a lot.”

<<*Our* possible futures.>>

The Dragon presented its paw and, in response, Stolas grasped it. Hand in hand like that, the two looked at the possibilities before them.

“I’ve always wanted to talk with you like this, you know. Despite our present circumstances, but I’m glad we have this moment.”

<<Me too. I’ve always wanted to say I love you. I’ve always wanted you to know that I want to fight by your side.>>

The dragon had a fearsome appearance, but it spoke with a voice that seemed to belong to a little girl.

“Speaking with that voice, in that manner, it’s so cute. Anyway, Emerald Dragon, what do you want to be?”

When the Emerald Dragon heard that question, his eyes sparkled brightly.

“Aside from being able to act as I wished, it’s my dream to keep protecting you. When a dragon king heard of my dream, he called me a knight. So, Stolas-sama, what I would like to become is a knight that protects you.”

Hearing that, Stolas smiled.

After voicing out his wish, a possibility shined before the two.

Stolas and Emerald Dragon, still holding each other’s hands, reached for that glowing possibility. In reaction, it grew brighter and brighter until Stolas’s consciousness returned to reality.

“Alright. This is our answer.”

The [Creation] medal in her hand transformed and what it transformed into was... the [Knight] medal.

The light leaking from her hand also grew even brighter. Upon opening her hand, the medals turned into particles of light—golden in color with a tinge of green—which then coalesced.

The form it took was a gigantic western dragon with jade green scales, much like an Emerald Dragon. There were many differences though. First was that

golden patterns were in several parts of his body. His claws were also much bigger. On his head was a horn which resembled a unicorn's. Also, his eyes had a much more vivid shade of jade green, indicative that he had the magic eyes called [Jade Eyes].

Like that, the Emerald Dragon was reborn.

Even though he still had [Berserk], he stave off that madness with his loyalty to Stolas.

He was dragon-knight of the wind known as a...

"Storm Dragon Knight Bahamut"

Stolas spoke aloud her monster's new race.

Meanwhile, pleased with his new appearance and, moreover, with the newfound strength he could use to protect Stolas, Bahamut roared heartily.

As good as that was, the enemies were still attacking.

As of the moment, the newly reborn Bahamut was following behind Phobos. As attacks continued to come, the dragon decided to create a storm, placing himself and Phobos within the center of it. In spite of the storm repelling each incoming attack, it continued to expand by each passing moment.

It wasn't just a tornado either. It was full-blown thunderstorm.

Anything and everything that came close to it were blown back by the wind and the lighting it produced.

"Can you hear my voice?"

<<I can. I am your knight and that means wherever we may be, your voice will always reach me.>>

"Good. Then, I'll give your first command as a Bahamut. Any enemy that your eyes can see, defeat them. I wonder though, can you do that?"

<<Easy.>>

The enemy forces at the moment were composed of more than 10 A rank monsters and over a hundred B and C rank monsters. Anyone who would say such an enemy force was no problem would be laughed at normally.

However, the Bahamut could definitely do it.

Firstly, he was a high-tier S rank monster made using three A rank medals.

Additionally, due to the nature of [Rebirth], his high level from being a static-leveled A rank Emerald Dragon was transferred to his new form as a Bahamut that could level up.

And then, of course, there were his skills. He had [Berserk] which increased all his high stats by a rank. He also had a skill called [Chivalry] which further increased his stats, while at the same time made him keep his sanity, both as long as he was near Stolas, the one he has sworn to protect.

“Procell, I have a request.”

Stolas embedded the intent of her message into the special wind still around her. This special wind was sent by Aura the Ancient Elf and would circle back to her.

In truth, along the way, Stolas thought many times of asking for Procell’s assistance but didn’t follow through, thinking there was no way she could give up when her monsters haven’t.

“I’m about to lose consciousness now. I’m leaving the rest of the battle to you.”

The words that came out of her mouth were of calm acceptance.

She had already informed her monsters—via Rozelitte’s telepathy—that she was going to fall unconscious and that they should listen to Procell’s commands from then on.

After receiving Stolas’s message, Procell replied.

<<Are you sure you want me to take over? Right when you’re about to turn everything around?>

Hearing that, Stolas laughed a little.

It became apparent to Stolas that Procell knew of the measures she had taken to achieve victory.

The first of which was to prepare a group that excelled in espionage from the

[Omnipresence] copies attacking the enemy dungeon. This group's goal was to avoid combat as much as possible and break the [Blade] Demon Lord's crystal. This had little chance to succeed, but it was a risk worth taking.

As for the other measure, the moment the [Blade] Demon Lord showed up, Stolas made the rest of the copies return to her dungeon and strike the enemies in the rear. With the enemy force being whittled down, the pincer maneuver would make it so that the [Blade] Demon Lord wouldn't be able to escape.

After all, defeating the [Blade] Demon Lord was equivalent of winning the [War].

As a side note, while it was true that he had placed several Transfer arrays for insurance, Stolas's scouts had already erased those.

"I have to do something more important than winning: fulfilling a promise. Because of that, I wouldn't be able to fight anymore. I know I'm asking for a lot, but I'll pay you back even if it will cost me my life."

In order to keep an old promise, Stolas has decided to cast aside her pride and rely on Procell.

"Bahamut, I've made you a promise, didn't I? That someday, once I've become a Demon Lord splendid enough to control you, I will give you a name right away. I've already thought up a name for you, so here it goes."

Stolas had heard from Procell about what happened to him when he named Duke. About how he felt weak and about how he feared he would completely lose his magic power.

Considering how Stolas thought of Procell to be stronger than herself and also how the Bahamut was just as strong as Duke, if she was to name her dragon now, she might end up with a worse fate.

Moreover, she was in the middle of a [War] at the moment. Common sense would dictate that giving a name right now would be foolish, to say the least.

However, Stolas would rather lose the war and her life than break her promise with Bahamut who has protected against all odds.

Besides, she had someone she could leave the rest to.

And so, with no hesitation in her mind, she uttered the following:

“Storm Dragon Knight Bahamut, your name from now on will be Enlil.
Continue protecting me, my knight.”

The moment she said his name, she felt her Demon Lord powers and her magic power being ripped out of her body. As though those weren't enough, she could also feel her very life being taken away.

It was unbelievable pain.

And yet, amidst that, she smiled as she saw Enlil.

“Everyone, Procell, I leave the rest to you.”

After saying so, she began to lose consciousness and fell from Phobos's back. Phobos hurriedly tried to pick her up but stopped midway after seeing that there was no need worry. The reason he deemed so was because there suddenly appeared a man and a high-ranking elf.

After revealing himself, the man carefully caught Stolas.

“You've done well, Stolas. We'll handle the rest.”

The man replied so while carrying Stolas in his arms.

Hearing that, Stolas smiled. Hers was a face of a maiden in love.

Still wearing the smile, Stolas finally lost her consciousness.

As if in tune with that, Enlil roared loudly and then continued to trample over the enemies.

Because Stolas's powers and feelings have reached him, instead of rushing over to her as he wanted to, he did what was needed to be done.

Like that, the [Blade] Demon Lord's army began to fall back, totally unaware of the almost uninjured copies of Stolas's monsters approaching their rear...

In case you're wondering, Storm Dragon Knight Bahamut is written as 嵐騎竜
バハムート

Also, for information about [Enlil](#), [click here to go to wikipedia](#)

Chapter 18: The Black Dragon of Death's True Merit

After naming Enlil, Stolas lost her consciousness and fell from her Pegasus's back. Thankfully, I was nearby and was able to catch her.

She had a peaceful sleeping face. Despite knowing that she would fall unconscious during the war, she went on with the naming because she had complete trust in me and her subordinate monsters.

"Thank goodness you're safe. I can't tell how many times I've wanted to intervene."

I said so to the sleeping Stolas.

I actually arrived in the battlefield a few minutes earlier but decided to just observe. I was able to do this thanks to Aura's power. She had rendered us invisible and erased our presence.

If things turned really awful, I intended to make Aura help through her sniping.

However, Stolas managed to resolve the crisis all on her own.

She was definitely stronger than when we fought. *Truly my rival.*

I was looking at Stolas's sleeping face when Enlil the Bahamut came near me. He had just finished trampling on a set of enemies and thus deemed it was safe enough to confront me, the one carrying her mistress.

The [Blade] Demon Lord's monsters were too scared by Enlil's overwhelming power and our sudden appearance that they just watched and didn't move.

<<Release Stolas-sama.>>

For some reason, it seemed like Enlil was wary of me.

Rozelitte, through her telepathy, should have already relayed to all of Stolas's monsters that Stolas wanted them to follow my command. However, it seemed to me Enlil didn't have any intention of following Rozelitte's instructions.

But then again, it was probably unfair to assume he would follow Rozelitte and the conventional chain of command, given that he was under the full

effects of [Berserk] until recently.

“It’s alright. I’m her friend. I came here to help.”

<<I don’t believe you. Release her now. I will be the one to protect her.>>

If I were to be untactful, it was more than likely that an attempt on my life would be made.

As I wondered what to do, Duke stepped forward.

“Be at ease. We are very much capable of protecting your mistress, young knight.”

“You, you’re that dragon king?”

“Hahaha, that’s an interesting way to refer to me. But yes, I certainly am a [Dragon Emperor]. And this person right here, he’s, shall we say, the prince of your mistress. Please believe that we will protect her.”

Enlil looked back and forth between me and Stolas.

After he settled his gaze on Stolas’s calm face, he nodded and spoke.

<<Alright, I will believe you. Hold her tight, prince. I am not great at such things, so I will protect her another way.>>

When he said so, he flapped his wings and went airborne. As he did so, he also began suppressing the enemies.

I took it to mean that he had somehow approved of me.

“It seems we’ll be having a chasing game.”

Aura and Duke who were behind me stepped forward.

“Enlil, take control of the sky. Aura, Duke, I’ll leave the ground to you two.”

Aura and Duke nodded while Enlil replied in the affirmative via thoughts.

Having someone as strong as Enlil was reassuring.

Enlil possessed a skill called [Chivalry] that allowed him to retain his sanity while using [Berserk], so long as he was near Stolas. On top of effectively rendering the downside of [Berserk] null, it also improved his stats further.

Conversely though, the moment Stolas was separated from him, he could not

help but devolve into a mindless and ferocious beast that would attack anyone that would come near.

In Duke's case, wherever he might be, he had the option to activate his [Berserk] for only a short time or not at all. In other words, could choose to disregard both the benefits and downsides of [Berserk].

I honestly had no idea which was better.

<<Leave the sky to me. I won't lose there.>>

"Yes, please. Show us the might of Stolas's knight."

Aura could also be very effective against air units, but I had another job in mind for her.

<<I will. Watch as I fly faster and higher than anyone.>>

Upon saying so, he flew with unbelievable speed and crushed any enemy in his path.

After that, I was then in communication with Rozelitte through her telepathy.

<<It's been a while, Procell-sama.>>

"Yes, it has. Rozelitte, I have some instructions for you. First, make the gravely wounded fall back. Next, reorganize those that can still fight. At the same time, make the [Omnipresence] copies come to this floor. It's fine even if the fast ones go ahead of the others."

<<Understood. Procell-sama, thank you for helping Stolas-sama. As thanks, it's fine to do that to our mistress.>>

"...Save the jokes for when the fighting's over."

After that, we ended communications.

Although I asked her to reorganize their numbers, I knew there was a chance that such wouldn't be needed.

"Aura, if you have line of fire against the [Blade] Demon Lord, take it. But don't kill him, okay?"

"Understood. I'll just wound him in the legs, then."

Aura was equipped with the anti-materiel rifle developed by Rorono the Elder Dwarf. This rifle was fusion of both science and magic. Rorono had named it Durandal.

Durandal, by itself, had firepower that could rival even tank guns.

And it was Aura, my S rank [Monster of the Covenant], who wielded such a weapon. On top her excellent stats, she had the skill called [Shooter of Magical Projectiles] which elevated her accuracy and attack power for long-range attacks.

Anyone hit squarely by her and Durandal would most likely be reduced to smithereens.

“Yeah, do that. We’re going to capture him alive because we need to hear who is backing him.”

“Master, it may take some time before I get a line of fire, so instead of waiting around and doing nothing, is it okay if I blow up the heads of the strong-looking kids?”

Aura has fallen into a state wherein she wanted to pull the trigger of her gun as soon as possible.

In other words, her trigger-happy nature was showing. *Geez, this girl...*

“Alright, I’ll allow it. Run wild to your heart’s content. Take care to not run out of bullets.”

“Yes, of course!! Here I go!”

She said so and made the wind swirl.

Despite Durandal being an anti-materiel rifle, it had a short barrel. It was shaped like that to improve its weight and its controllability. However, having a short barrel meant less combustion time for the gunpowder which would then lead to a decrease in initial velocity and firepower. It also meant a decrease in the straightness of the trajectory which would then lead to a decrease in range and accuracy.

Thinking normally, the Durandal was a failure of an anti-materiel rifle.

If Aura was the user, however, it was a completely different conversation.

Using her wind, Aura produced a pseudo-barrel.

Like that, she pulled the trigger.

Normally, a bullet's initial speed was also its maximum speed due to air resistance. Along with gravity, air resistance also affected the bullet's range.

The bullets fired by Aura were very different though. Through the [Acceleration] enchantment on the Durandal, bullets accelerated rather decelerate. Furthermore, one of Aura's skills, the [Ruler of the Wind], not only eliminated air resistance for the bullets, it even made the wind boost the bullets' speed further.

That speed translated into firepower.

So, with all those factors combined, it wasn't surprising that when a monster near the [Blade] Demon Lord was hit between the eyes, its entire head exploded like a pomegranate.

It took a while before the sound of the gunshot was heard. Considering that the bullet travelled at more than three times the speed of sound, it was only natural.

Also, as there was no air resistance, there wasn't any sonic booms either.

The enemy that Aura just hit was about 500 meters away from her.

Even at such a distance, Aura was more than capable of shooting with pinpoint accuracy. In fact, the maximum range Aura was able to do so was approximately 2 kilometers. If pinpoint accuracy wasn't a concern, the range she could still hit the target would probably be double that.

"Now, let's pick up the pace. If you just sit there and watch, you're going to be annihilated."

Aura said so and fired in quick succession.

It might seem that Aura's shooting showcased only range, firepower, and accuracy, but in truth, she specialized even in rapid shooting.

With her one-shot-kill attacks that comes without pause from well outside of conventional range, Aura definitely was a monster one wouldn't want to be up against.

“Okay, what’s going to be their move?”

Aura’s barrage and their annihilation upon them, the enemies had to do something; just standing around would get them killed sooner rather than later.

As I saw it, there were two options: to charge or to retreat.

An intelligent person would most likely choose the latter. Disappointingly, the [Blade] Demon Lord didn’t seem like one.

“Everyone, forward! Bastards with unknown purpose have appeared, but if we press them with our numbers, we can win. We will force our way to victory!! To those that can fly, stop that menace in the sky even at the cost of your life!!”

Hearing that command, the [Blade] Demon Lord’s forces advanced.

I was able to hear what he said even though he was far away from me thanks to Aura and her wind. *Thoughtful as ever*, I thought.

Aura continued to take down enemies one after the other, prioritizing the strong ones first, but their numbers of more than a hundred were just too great.

If it was just Aura holding the line, they would soon be able to close the distance and perhaps even overwhelm her.

Fortunately, however, Aura wasn’t the only one I’ve prepared.

“Duke, I’ve come here to help Stolas, but that doesn’t mean we can’t have any side benefit from this... I command you, harvest as many souvenirs we can take back to Avalon!!”

“Yes, as you wish, my lord!”

Duke, in his dragonewt form, elegantly bowed to me despite the horde of enemies approaching.

To such riffraff, there was no need for him to get serious or take his real form.

“Go! Your enemies are just an elf and a dragonewt. Crush theeeeeeeeeemmm”

The [Blade] Demon Lord yelled so, hoping to encourage his troops.

He probably thought that since there was only the two of them, they would be able to win easily.

Then, let's overturn those assumptions.

Miasma came out of Duke's body, indicating that he was about to use the powers of the underworld.

As the name Black Dragon of Death might imply, he was a dragon that ruled over death.

“[Enhanced Resurrection]”

The temperature of his surroundings suddenly fell, miasma covered the ground, and from it, something unworldly crawled out.

The things that came crawling out were the monsters that fought and fell in this war.

[Enhanced Resurrection] was the dark power that allowed Duke to resurrect the fallen as undead monsters with more power than when they were alive. It also allowed him make them his subordinates.

So long as there was a target—a soul that hasn't left or a corpse—the skill could be used to revive them. It could be used for only 15 targets per day though.

The resurrected monsters were voicing out their grudges. They, being the former monsters of the [Oni] Demon Lord, directed their resentment not toward Stolas, but rather toward the [Blade] Demon Lord.

The [Blade] Demon Lord had not only taken away their beloved master, he had also forced them to serve and fight for him. Serving under such a master must have been agonizing for most of these monsters.

Actually, one other reason Stolas's monsters were able to fight as well as they have was because most of the monsters that once belonged to the [Oni] Demon Lord were not fighting at their best.

Though they were bound by the commands given to them and were thus forced to fight, in their hearts, they would rather die than have their powers be used for the [Blade] Demon Lord's benefit.

If these experienced and strong monsters fought to the fullest, this war might have had a very different conclusion.

“Now that you have been freed from your shackles, you may seek vengeance as you wish!”

Duke loudly declared so.

The targets of his [Enhanced Resurrection] were the 15 that had the greatest skills, stats, and resentment against the [Blade]. On one hand, these 15 were very filled with hatred, but on the other, they felt joyous to bare their fangs against the one they resent.

As of the moment, there were almost none left of the A rank monsters under the [Blade] Demon Lord’s control. Due to Stolas’s efforts, there were 10 A rank monsters left. And after Aura started shooting them, there were even less.

Whatever riffraff that remained wouldn’t have enough to compete against the 15 A rank monsters that Duke resurrected and strengthened. In other words, it was the start of our one-sided genocide.

“Duke, let’s hit them harder. Call in the newcomers.”

“Yes, my lord. Now, time for your first battle. [Gate Open]”

Duke’s [Enhanced Resurrection] not only resurrected targets into undead, it also allowed him to use Darkness magic.

Using that, he called forth a gate to the underworld and opened it.

The inside of the gate was darkness that was impenetrable by the eyes.

Out of that darkness, around 50 adventurers and soldiers clad in miasma appeared.

Each then marked their prey with their vacant eyes and attacked.

“Hmm, yes, they’re fine additions to our force.”

“Their base was good and thanks to [Enhanced Resurrection] making them all have the undead attribute, I could further strengthen them with my [Ruler of Death] ability. This much of an enemy force is nothing for my prized undead army.”

A Black Dragon of Death Siegwurm had exceedingly high individual fighting capabilities, but even then, its true merit was that it ruled over death.

The more the fighting goes on and the more deaths there were, the more powerful a Siegwurm gets.

The summoned humans just now were the artificial heroes and the powerful soldiers that we fought in the war against the neighboring city. They were a fighting force dispatched to destroy Avalon, but thanks to [Enhanced Resurrection], they were now part of our fighting force instead.

Humans were great. If their corpses were put in some kind of cold storage, Duke could potentially resurrect them all at the rate of 15 targets per day which was daily limit of his skill.

In comparison, monster corpses would turn into particles of light and eventually vanish after a fixed amount of time after their death, leaving nothing behind except for the occasional item drop. Their souls would also move on quickly. It pretty much meant that they have to be resurrected half a day after their death.

As long as Duke was around, the longer the fight, the more of the enemy's fighting force Avalon could claim for its own.

Even on the campaign to save Marcho, Duke had increased our numbers with 15 of the most powerful monsters there.

He was literally an army. Such was the true merit of the Black Dragon of Death Siegwurm.

"We have to thank the [Blade] Demon Lord, don't we? Generously providing us these precious A rank monsters."

"Yes. Once we return to Avalon, should we have a welcoming party for these newcomers?"

"That's a good proposal. ...now then, I wonder what the [Blade] Demon Lord would do next. The vast difference in fighting force should be very obvious by now."

Counting the undead army of the artificial heroes and the 15 [Oni] monsters, we had the upper hand on not only quality but also quantity.

In addition, Stolas's monsters had finished reorganizing and were joining the

battlefield once again.

When he saw all that, the [Blade] Demon Lord's face went ghastly pale. He then began retreating while using his monsters as shield.

I went to the trouble of selecting which 10 monsters to put into my [Storage], but as things were, the fight would end with deploying just Aura and Duke.

...and then,

"They're finally here, huh."

The monsters made with Stolas's [Omnipresence] finally arrived in our current floor. Since the enemy Demon Lord was scared of us and thus made most of his troops gather in the rear, their vanguard was quite defenseless against the newcomers.

Coincidentally, Aura had gained line of fire on the [Blade] Demon Lord. Aiming with her [Jade Eyes], she shot and grazed him in the legs. I say graze but that much was enough to blow off his legs.

Chances of escape now gone, he lost heart.

It's time to wrap this up.

"Aura, use your wind to make my voice resound as far as possible."

"Understood."

For Aura, it was a simple task to make the sound travelling in the air propagate further.

After Aura replied, wind drifted around my face.

"[Blade] Demon Lord, tell all your subordinates to not resist anymore. I want to talk. If you do anything strange, you will be killed. If you forfeit and end the [War] before we have had our talk, you will be killed. If you accept these terms, I will let you live and surrender later."

I had already relayed to Stolas's monsters—via Rozelitte—to stop attacking. The undead army too had received the same instructions via Duke.

In the current state of things, the [Blade] Demon Lord didn't have any chance to win. If he was an idiot who would still fight regardless, there was no helping

it. But for the moment, I decided to wait for his decision.

After taking a short time to analyze the situation, he raised both of his hands and said something while sobbing.

Aura informed me he was willing cooperate.

Okay, now, to figure out who the mastermind behind this is.

Chapter 19: The [Blade] Demon Lord's Tenacity

After Aura made the [Blade] Demon Lord immobile by shooting and thus blowing off his legs, I threatened to kill him if he so much as moved a finger or if he surrendered right away.

By surrendering, the war would end and he would be Transferred away by the Creator, essentially giving him a way to escape. If I were to talk to him, it had to be before that.

I believed that the [Blade] Demon Lord was incapable on his own of killing the [Oni] Demon Lord and taking the latter's monsters for his own. Adding in the timing of the [Black] Demon Lord's letter and his threat to hold Stolas hostage, I was convinced the [Black] Demon Lord was the one behind this.

I was convinced, but I still wanted to get more information from the [Blade] Demon Lord. Depending on how I would go about it, I just might get information that could serve as a trump card to corner the [Black] Demon Lord.

As I was walking together with Aura and Duke toward the [Blade] Demon Lord who was bleeding to death, I spoke to Duke.

"Duke, your undead army's impressive. I will be expecting more from them."

"Yes. And we will strive further to meet your expectations."

"Like this, Avalon's armies are finally excellent in both quality and quantity. If going on the offensive, our aces that can go toe to toe against a thousand will be more than enough, but in a defensive battle, numbers become more important. It's a great thing to be able to count your undead army among Avalon's fighting strength."

This was the first time the undead army was put in full operation.

In addition to Avalon's special forces—like Kuina's elite task force, Aura's sniping corps, and R'lyeh Diva's intelligence corps—we had three corps considered as the main fighting force.

The first was Rorono's golem corps.

If we were prepared to have the Avalon-Ritters be disposable war potential, each could exhibit power present between a high-end A rank monster and a low-end S rank monster.

In addition to them, the golem troops also had the Mithril Golems, each of which having power equivalent to a B rank monster. Having a high number of them be equipped with heavy-weapons was reassuring indeed.

While most of the golem corps were destroyed in the campaign to save Marcho, so long as their golem core was intact, it could be recovered and be placed in a new body. In other words, they could be reused again and again. This disposability, above all else, was the golem corps' greatest feature.

The second main corps was the aerial bombing corps composed of the Darkness Dragons.

By releasing powerful bombs from the sky, they could deal tremendous damage to enemies that had no sufficient countermeasures against air units. And given that each Darkness Dragon Graphross was a high-end B rank monster, they could obtain air superiority by their own should it devolve to an aerial dogfight.

Furthermore, by using containers designed by Rorono, the Darkness Dragons could also be deployed for transporting other fighting force.

Since they were B rank monsters that I could buy with DP, replenishing their numbers if need be was a simple task. Recently, I was finally able to save up just enough DP to buy a [Maelstrom] for a B rank monster, so I bought one for the Darkness Dragons.

A [Maelstrom] was worth a hundred times the price of a monster, but in return, it would create one of that monster each day. Considering that I would break even in a little over three months' time and then still continue to receive a monster a day from then on, [Maelstroms] were extremely profitable.

I had hoped to make a [Maelstrom] for the monster two ranks down from Marcho the Wise Wolf Monarch Managarm, but there was no such monster. Apparently, a Managarm was a completely irregular monster and had no monster under it in its lineage.

The last of the main corps were the undead army.

It was a corps composed of humans and monsters that were resurrected and made subordinates by Duke's [Enhanced Resurrection]. Due to that skill, these undead monsters were stronger than even when they were alive. Not only that, since they had the undead attribute, they were further strengthened by another of Duke's skills.

And now, thanks to all the battles we had been through—and thus all the fallen Duke had been able to resurrect—their numbers were just as impressive as their strength.

As of the moment, these three main corps would be enough to stop most common enemy troops. The best part was that they would still continue to grow in the future: golems would be manufactured by the dwarves daily; the Darkness Dragons would be born from the [Maelstroms] each day; and the undead army would grow in number with each battle.

I was thinking of such things when I reached the [Blade] Demon Lord.

"[Blade] Demon Lord, seeing that you haven't ordered your monsters to attack us, I'll take it that you're willing to talk."

"...yeah, that's right, so don't kill me, okay? I'll tell you everything I know. Also, don't refer to me like that; just call me Sabnock."

He was surprisingly very meek. Based on what I watched, I had thought he would choose to be more emotional and resist 'til the end.

"Sorry. So, Sabnock, tell me, who is the one backing you? Who's the one that helped you take away the [Oni] Demon Lord's monsters?"

I asked so, but the [Blade] Demon Lord remained silent, his hand shaped into a fist.

"Before that, I would like to say just one thing... **What the hell is with you!? I mean, we're both newly born Demon Lords, but why is it that there's such a large gap between us!? Don't you find that strange? This is unfair, you cheating bastard!**"

He shouted so and then glared at me.

I really couldn't refute what he said. It was unfair. Both my unique skill and medal were highly excellent and versatile.

"Yeah, I really am blessed. Well, are you done screaming? If you are, let's return to the topic at hand. I don't have a lot of time to waste."

I didn't have time to endure the nonsense of the defeated.

Even if you were dealt an inferior hand, it didn't mean you should just give up. There were still ways to win. In his case, in order to win against Stolas, he borrowed the power of another Demon Lord. A Demon Lord who would do such a thing was better than one who would fight a hopeless battle and accept death, honorable though it may be.

Upon hearing what I said, the [Blade] Demon Lord's face grew red before hanging it low.

"...haha, you really think so little of me. Very well, I'll talk. The one who proposed this was—"

Before he could finish what he was saying, his face rapidly became red and swelled.

No!

"Aura, can you stop it?"

"It's impossible. Strange magic power is swelling within him. To stop it from the outside's..."

The [Blade] Demon Lord was spouting blood from his mouth. His throat was already extremely damaged, rendering him unable to speak anymore.

If left as he was, he was going to die soon.

In such a state, he strangely smiled. Soon thereafter, he took his last breath.

Before I could get any information, he had died. *Damn it, he's been silenced.*

It was likely that the moment he tried to talk about the mastermind, this event would be triggered to end his life. Like this, he was gone without leaving so much as a clue.

"Forgive me, my lord. I was not able to predict something like this would

happen.”

“There’s nothing to forgive, Duke. Even if we could have somehow predicted it, it isn’t the kind of thing we could have prevented. ...That bastard”

Assuming that the [Black] Demon Lord was the one pulling the strings from the shadows, I could probe around during our meeting two days later.

To be honest, it was frustrating to not be able to confirm the mastermind.

No, wait...

“Is this his last act of tenacity? I still can’t forgive him for the horrible things he said to Stolas, but I will recognize that he’s a man of fortitude. May he rest in peace.”

I finally figured out the reason of his last smile. On the brink of death, he managed to scrawl the name of the mastermind using his own blood.

Through this desperate act, he was able to return a blow against the one that used him and even killed him just to ensure his silence. It seemed like his resentment toward this mastermind was so deep, he was willing to entrust his revenge to me, the one who interrupted his [War] with Stolas.

Very well, I will clear away your regrets.

Thinking so, I took a breath and then spoke.

“Come, let’s go end this [War]”

The victory conditions for this [War] were for either Stolas or [Blade] to surrender or have either one’s crystal be broken. Unfortunately, their opponent’s death wasn’t one.

Let’s end this [War] right away and then press a blade against the mastermind’s throat.

Chapter 20: Sleeping Beauty and Procell's Resolve

Before the [Blade] Demon Lord passed away, he used his own blood to write the word [Black].

Like that, I was finally able to confirm that the [Black] Demon Lord was the one behind all of these.

The [Blade] Demon Lord was most likely aware of my connection with the [Black] Demon Lord, so it was hard to imagine he would serve me up to the one that caused his death. I therefore believed that there was no need to doubt this clue.

The method employed this time by the [Black] Demon Lord was very clever, I must admit.

The [Black] Demon Lord had [Blade] challenge [Oni]. Under the pretense of attacking the [Oni] Demon Lord as well, he was able to provide support without being penalized for helping a newly born Demon Lord.

After the fight, the [Blade] Demon Lord took away the [Oni] Demon Lord's monsters. Like this, the [Black] Demon Lord was able to give the [Blade] Demon Lord monsters without being penalized this time as well. Which in turn allowed him to interfere indirectly between the war of fellow new Demon Lords.

And then, there was that thing that stopped [Blade] blade from leaking information to me. It was just a guess, but either it was an attack somehow made by one of his monsters or it was woven somehow into his agreement with the [Black] Demon Lord. If it was the latter, the [Black] Demon Lord would once again be free of penalties even when he had harmed a new Demon Lord.

"Geez, this guy's really pushing the envelope when it comes to loopholes. I can't help but think that this is some hobby of his."

As far as I saw it, the [Black] Demon Lord was bending rules just for the sake of bending rules.



Some time later, we had ended the [War].

The victory conditions for this [War] were for either Stolas or [Blade] to surrender, or have either one's crystal be broken. Unfortunately, their opponent's death wasn't one.

Having lost their Demon Lord and their leader, the monsters, especially the [Oni] ones, didn't put much of a resistance. Thanks to that, we were able to break the crystal easily.

I had entrusted the task of actually breaking of the crystal to one of Stolas's monsters.

After all, this was her war and she had won it by her own. To break the [Blade] Demon Lord's crystal and take his medal for my own was something my conscience would not allow.

A few minutes after the crystal was broken, the voice of the Creator resounded in my mind.

<<The victory conditions have been met. The [War] between [Wind] and [Blade] is now over. The winner is the [Wind] Demon Lord Stolas. I hope you children of the planet will continue to shine.>>

After that message, the Transfer of the dungeon and its inhabitants to normal space began.

With this, I have fulfilled my role.

In my case, the Creator was pleased with my war against the three Demon Lords who received support from their parent Demon Lords. So much so that the Creator decided to give me a special reward.

I still haven't used that reward. Or rather, I was too scared to use it.

At any rate, much like my war, the odds were stacked against Stolas, so I was expecting for her to receive some kind of special reward as well.

It would seem, however, that I was off in my prediction. Perhaps it had something to do with my cooperation.

"Well, I'm just glad you won. Congratulations in crossing that dangerous bridge."

I said so to the girl sleeping in my arms.

Yes, the star of the show still hasn't woken up.

Now that the war was over, we headed to a vast dungeon room that Stolas and her monsters were using for their strategy meetings.

Once there, her worried monsters surrounded her.

Closest of all was Enlil the Bahamut.

It should be noted that he had somehow become the size of a cat. It was an adorable transformation. He was totally like a stuffed toy. I almost unconsciously petted him, but thankfully, I was able to control myself. Though he looked like so on the outside, he was still the same within.

At any rate, evidently, much like how Duke could transform into his dragonewt form, Enlil was able to become small like this. Perhaps it was a choice he and Stolas made during Synthesis so that they could be together easily.

Back to the topic at hand, despite their victory, Stolas's monsters looked sad and gloomy. Their worry for their still-sleeping master far outweighed the joy of winning.

As of the moment, Aura was doing an examination on Stolas. Due to that, all the eyes around her were watching her every action.

"Master, it's quite bad. She's in an even worse condition than you are. Natural self-healing will not suffice. If left alone, her magic power and Demon Lord power might not return all her life. No, actually, if left untreated, she might even remain in this comatose state forever."

Aura reported so and the surrounding became noisy.

For the monsters that love her, such was one of the grimmest news. As such, Enlil issued out a sorrowful cry.

It can't be helped

"You're gonna owe me one, Stolas... Rozelitte"

"What is it, Procell-sama?"

"Until Stolas awakens, I will regard you as the [Wind] Demon Lord's

representative. As such, let me ask you a question: will you trust in me and have Avalon take care of Stolas? A few days ago, I was in a similar state as her, but now, my strength is in the process of returning. It might take some time, but in an environment like Avalon's and with Aura's powers, Stolas should recover. Aura, how long do you think it would take for her to recover fully?"

"I can't answer accurately without more in-depth examinations and more time to observe her, but I fear it'll take about a month. But, is that fine though? I mean, our supply of golden apples isn't exactly a lot."

Other than for my recovery, the golden apples were also being used for the wine being sent to the [Time] Demon Lord. Considering those factors, our rate of gathering golden apples were quite slow.

I had thought that once my recovery was finished, we could once again gather golden apples in earnest, but it would appear we would have to use some for Stolas as well.

"It's no problem. My friend's recovery takes priority over the replenishment of our stocks."

"Certainly. I'll also think up of ways to increase our production."

"Thanks. There you have it, Rozelitte. Will you entrust Stolas to me and have her stay in Avalon for a month?"

It was a difficult choice.

Stolas and I were close, but even then, there should be some resistance in Rozelitte's mind about entrusting her master over to another Demon Lord. After all, if I wanted to, I would be able to get rid of Stolas without any hassles.

Moreover, there was the question of how the dungeon would function without Stolas for a full month.

For these reasons, Rozelitte's decision as Stolas's representative was required.

"I'd like to say yes, but... what do you ask in return? My answer would depend on that."

In truth, I haven't thought about it until she asked me.

“Let’s see. For now, just remember that you owe me.”

“Is that really all you want?”

“Well, Stolas is my friend, after all. Besides, thanks to her invitation, I was able to get 15 A rank monsters. In a way, that could serve as a reward by itself.”

An A rank monster was a very precious being that was made with 2 A rank medals. It wasn’t that often that a chance to obtain many of them at once was going to come.

And yet, I had gained 15 of them in this [War]. Doing a little bit of service in return was nothing.

“We will take you up on your kind offer, then. Thank you. Sorry to say, but all we can offer in return is our thanks... that and Stolas-sama’s body. I think you’ll find her appearance and her personality to be fine, to say the least. But most of all, she’s the devoted type. Do enjoy your time with her. If she’s carrying an heir by the time she returns to us, that would be extremely great.”

“Stop kidding around!”

“Fufu. But seriously, we, the [Wind] monsters, will never forget our gratitude to you. If ever you’re in a dilemma, trust that we will come to your side at once and risk our lives. I’m sure Stolas-sama feels the same.”

Rozelitte said so and smiled.

She’s a really a good subordinate.

“Well, moving on. Procell-sama, is it alright if one of us came along with Stolas-sama?”

“You’re coming as well?”

“No, I can’t also be away while Stolas-sama is unavailable. The one I would like you to take is Enlil. If he stays in this form, he wouldn’t be a hindrance. Plus, he can also fight for you.”

<<By Stolas-sama’s side is where I belong.>>

The kitten-sized Enlil said so while sticking very closely to Stolas. If one tried to pry him away, he would surely rampage. In his case, he literally would since

his [Berserk] would activate once he was far enough away from Stolas. Worst case scenario, he might even destroy her dungeon.

Furthermore, as Rozelitte said, in the case that Avalon was attacked, he could fight to protect Stolas.

“Understood. We will take care of the two.”

“Thank you.”

Like that, Stolas’s [War] was truly over.

Just in case of an attack from the [Black] Demon Lord, I told Duke to leave behind the 15 A rank monster we had just gained.

Since the [Black] Demon Lord could not directly provide the [Blade] Demon Lord with monsters, it was unlikely that there were some [Black] monsters mixed in with the [Blade] Demon Lord’s forces. If that was so, the [Black] Demon Lord would not have any pretense to attack Stolas.

Nevertheless, we had to be careful as he could still deploy his artificial heroes to attack Stolas’s dungeon.

If that were to happen, Stolas’s monsters and the 15 resurrected A rank monsters would at least be able to buy enough time for me to provide support.

With those things in mind, it was better to return and begin Stolas’s treatment as soon as possible.

“I feel like I’m forgetting something.”

“Master, you’ve stationed Kuina-chan and the others to guard the crystal room. They must be feeling left out.”

After hearing Aura, I remembered that I left Kuina and some others in Stolas’s crystal room as insurance in case there were monsters that could somehow slip past us like one that could expertly erase its presence.

“...Oh, yeah. They’ve been on standby all this time, right? I hope Kuina doesn’t get upset.”

Mere moments before we left, Kuina decided to come along with us despite being put within my [Storage] which she hated.

She bravely did so because she said she wanted to show me the new special technique she had gained through her special training, but before any chance for her to do so appeared, the war had ended.

“My lord, considering Kuina-sama’s personality, I would say it’s certain that she’s upset. Might I suggest that you offer to buy her lots of sweets after we’ve returned.”

“Yeah, I think so too. And, since she has grown recently, her old clothes don’t really fit anymore. She did say she wanted to buy new ones, so if you buy it for her, I’m sure she’ll be happy.”

Kuina’s sullen face appeared in my mind, and I laughed. *Even when she’s mad, she’s adorable.*

“Yeah, I guess I’ll buy her a lot of things for her reward this time. Duke, Aura, if you have something you want, we’ll go buy them as well.”

While thinking of the angry Kuina, we walked toward the crystal room.

Thanks to the [Blade] Demon Lord’s last act of tenacity, I was finally able confirm that the mastermind was the [Black] Demon Lord.

He had tried to harm not only Marcho, but now, Stolas as well.

At this point, any hopes for a peaceful resolution were out the window.

That guy was undoubtedly an enemy. He might try to dangle some kind of sweet bait in front of me on our meeting, but it would not matter.

Resolving myself so, my hands formed tight fists.

I preferred going on the offensive than being on the defense. On our meeting, I would try to expose as much of his weaknesses as I could... for I was sure he would try to do the same to me.

Epilogue: The Promise with Kuina

We had arrived in crystal room of the [Wind] dungeon.

Our purpose for coming here was to pick up Kuina and the others who were entrusted with the task of protecting the crystal.

To be specific, the ones in the crystal room were: Kuina, the strongest possible guard; R'lyeh Diva, stationed here to prevent any attack from the other dimension; and two Ocean singers who were R'lyeh Diva's subordinates.

Upon arrival, I saw that R'lyeh Diva and her two subordinates were amusing themselves with a card game while Kuina sat in a corner, arms around her knees, and sulked.

Kuina sulked while R'lyeh Diva paid no mind, pretty much what I expected.

"Kuina, Ruru, everyone, thanks for your work. The [War] has safely concluded. Let's go back right away, shall we?"

I said so with a smile on my face.

By the way, Ruru was R'lyeh Diva's nickname since the latter was a bit hard to say. Giving them nicknames didn't constitute as naming monsters, thankfully.

"I was about to get tired of waiting, patron."

"...Ruru, I know there's no way, but were you guys also playing during the [War]?"

"Of course not. I would never do such a thing. I'll have you know that I properly watched the other side during the [War]. And, since there might be rude individuals that think we've let our guard down now that the war's over and won, I'm purposefully making chances for them while also tightening my water network. In this side or the other, my ears hear everything."

Ruru strongly declared so.

She, the blue-haired, androgynous and yet beautiful head of Avalon's intelligence corps, acted like she was just playing around but was actually still working.

I'm so relieved.

“Kuina, Ruru, Ocean Singers, again, thank you for your hard work. It’s because you guys were here that we were able to go all out on the offensive.”

I spoke out my true feelings.

In a war against fellow Demon Lords, the most troublesome monsters were probably those that excelled in espionage and mobility.

No matter the difference between the main forces of the two opposing sides, if even one monster gets past the lines of defense, the crystal would be broken and everything would be over.

“Well, we didn’t really do anything. It was mostly the [Wind] Demon Lord and her monsters. Aside from that small push from Duke, even if we didn’t come, they would have won.”

It was exactly as she said. Majority of the work was done by Stolas and her monsters.

Even though the war ended before Ruru and the others could get to do anything, I would like to think they at least had an easy time.

The problem was Kuina.

From the moment we returned, she was pouting and glaring at me.

It's been a while since the last time she was this upset.

“Kuina, come on, I can’t bear you looking at me like that.”

“...Oto-san, why didn’t you take Kuina? Unlike Rorono-chan and Aura-chan, Kuina’s only good point is fighting. Why is Kuina here if not to fight? Did you choose Duke and Aura-chan ‘cause they’re stronger than Kuina? Even after Kuina got a new special move and became stronger?”

She said so with a tearful voice.

I then recalled what Rorono told me: that Kuina was feeling insecure lately.

For Kuina, her *raison d’être* was being Avalon’s Strongest monster.

However, with the appearance of Duke and then Marcho, her confidence was crumbling.

“I trust in you, Kuina. And it is because I trust in you that I posted you here. Sure, Duke can be more powerful than you for a short period of time, but [Berserk] is such an unstable power. You’re strong and have stable powers, so you were more suited to defend the most important point in this war. As for why I took Aura with me, there’s the fact that she can be used for the offense, but more than that, she was there for my safety since she could use her wind to perceive everything, including possible threats to my life. So, you see, it’s just a matter of having the right person for the right job.”

Not a word I said was a lie.

It was out of the question to leave the defense of the crystal room to Duke. And even if Marcho was here instead of Kuina, I would still have taken Aura to the frontlines.

I had brought ten monsters to Stolas’s [War]: Kuina, Aura, Duke, Ruru, 3 Ocean Singers, 2 Darkness Dragons Graphross, and Kurayami the Tartaros—a black-furred werewolf monster—whom I borrowed from Marcho.

If I brought too much war potential with me, Avalon would be defenseless. After all, there was that possibility that the threat against Stolas was merely a diversion so that Avalon would send assistance and be left undermanned.

However, between Marcho, the aerial bombardment corps led by the Dwarf Smith who was Duke’s adjutant, and the golem corps led by Rorono, there was nothing to fear.

“But Kuina didn’t get to fight”

Kuina’s head might have understood what I was trying to say, but it seemed like her heart hasn’t yet.

Her appearance might have suddenly become that of an adult, but deep down, she’s still just a child.

While there some monsters who were already mature upon birth, there were some who were still childish.

Whichever they might be, I loved my monsters all the same.

After some thoughts, I approached the still sulking and unmoving Kuina and

forcibly carried her in my arms.

“Come on, Kuina, let’s go back. To Avalon.”

Surprised, Kuina resisted at first and then calmed down right away.

She was still protesting though by turning away her face.

“Oto-san, you’re so mean”

Is she referring to me forcibly picking her up or is it because I had posted her here? Or is it both?

“Kuina, I’ve said this earlier but I’ll say it again: I have complete trust in you. I didn’t want to tell you this in front of other monsters, but out of all my monsters, the one I rely on the most is you.”

By saying Kuina was the one I relied on the most, I was also saying I didn’t rely as much on my other monsters. However, upon hearing what I said, none of Duke, Aura, and Ruru showed any kind of discomfort on their face. It was because they too recognized Kuina’s abilities.

“Kuina, I won’t apologize for this time. I did what I needed to do as a Demon Lord... but I will make you a promise: in the next fight, I will prepare a stage where you can take the lead and shine. I’ll send you to the most dangerous of battlefields so that you can get the chance to show the new power you gained from your special training. I’ll be expecting a lot from you, Kuina.”

Upon hearing that, she turned her still-looking-away face back to me.

And she was smiling.

Finally, she was back in a good mood.

“Understood. Kuina will do her best for Oto-san!”

While I still carried her in my arms, she wrapped her arms around me to form a tight embrace.

...when something pressed against me, I couldn’t help but think *well, she surely has grown.*

Needless to say, as her father, I must reflect on myself.

“Everyone, let’s go back home. Once we’ve returned, everyone that

participated in this fight will be rewarded. The sky's the limit. You can buy whatever you want from the shops in Avalon."

Duke thinly smiled and then nodded. Meanwhile, Aura was thinking deeply of what she was going to buy. As for Ruru and the Ocean Singers, they had begun discussing the most expensive goods available in Avalon.

My beloved monsters were happy.

However, Kuina didn't seem as happy as the others.

"Kuina, do you not like the reward?"

"...Kuina does, but Kuina had thought of a different reward if Kuina had contributed greatly in the fight. It's a shame Kuina can't have it."

Something that Kuina wanted as her reward for the [War]?

I tried to think what that something was, but nothing came to mind.

When I looked at Kuina, she looked embarrassed but continued talking.

"Kuina was very envious when Rorono-chan had Oto-san all for herself for a full day. Kuina wants that too when Kuina has done a great job."

I see, so that's what she was thinking.

The increase of my monsters and the growth of my city meant a steady decrease in the time I had to spend with my girls. Kuina was spoiled more than the others, so it wasn't so surprising for her to think of such.

"Oh, I see. But yeah, for your service this time, I can't give you the same prize that I gave for Rorono. I'll tell you what though, if you give an outstanding performance in the next fight, I'll spend a whole day with you."

"Okay! I'll absolutely, absolutely give an outstanding performance next time! So, Oto-san, promise Kuina that too!"

"Yeah, it's a promise."

The two of us then linked our fingers to signify the promise we made. In other words, we made a pinky swear.

It was perhaps due to her joy, but Kuina was shaking her fluffy tail back and forth.

Honestly, if I could find a day to spend with her, I would do so without any conditions, but that would be unfair to Rorono.

I had to pay attention not only to Kuina, but all my other monsters as well. *Being a Demon Lord is quite hard.*

After we left the crystal room, we used a Transfer array provided by Stolas's monsters. This array led us to the entrance of the dungeon. From there, we headed to an outside area devoid of people.



In order for the knowledge that we were going to Stolas's dungeon to lend a hand not leak, we made use of her monster and even flew at a high altitude. As another precaution, I also made my monsters hide in my [Storage].

On the way home though, such precautions were not necessary.

And so, I took out the two Darkness Dragons from my [Storage]. Like this, monsters that disliked being in the Storage didn't have to put up with it.

As for the still sleeping Stolas, she was affixed in the back of Enlil the Bahamut.

"Rozelitte and all of the [Wind] monsters, thank you for seeing us off. I'm sure Stolas would have been pleased as well. Without fail, your master will be healthy again and return in no time."

"Please take care of Stolas-sama. Once she wakes up, please tell her that we are protecting her dungeon, so rather than worry about it, she should devote herself to getting better."

"Okay, I'll tell her that."

Even after that, the many [Wind] monsters that were gathered here still talked to me. It just goes to show how much Stolas was loved.

After a while, things finally calmed down and we were able to leave.

"Well, let's go"

"Yay ♪"

"Yes, let's go back home."

Riding on the same Darkness Dragon that I was were Kuina and Aura. Kuina was in a good mood and was hugging me from behind. The fact that she was in a good mood made me happy.

As for Duke, he was riding on Enlil. Apparently, the two dragons had something to talk about.

And so, the Darkness Dragons and Enlil flapped their wings.

Pleasant wind brushed my cheek.

After a while of flying, my heart throbbed loudly and I suddenly felt hot.

I've missed this sensation.

"Oto-san, why are you staring at your hand? Is something wrong?"

"...it seems my magic power has finally returned. I can use the powers of [Creation] again."

"Yay ♪ Kuina's so glad! You can make amazing things again!"

Contrary to what Rorono might say, it was impossible for her to create something from nothing.

Our production of special chemicals that could be turned into gunpowder and weapon materials were dependent on [Creation] as some of those chemicals—like rare metals—could not be found in this world.

Due to the temporary loss of my magic power, Rorono's research hasn't made progress, while our weapon production and explosives production were put to a halt.

Upon the return of my [Creation] though, those would be resumed right away.

"Nice timing too. I'll now be able to add more cards in my deck for the meeting with the [Black] Demon Lord two days later"

For doing whatever you wished, I will make you pay.